THE ENGLISH REVIEW

VOLUME L

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1930

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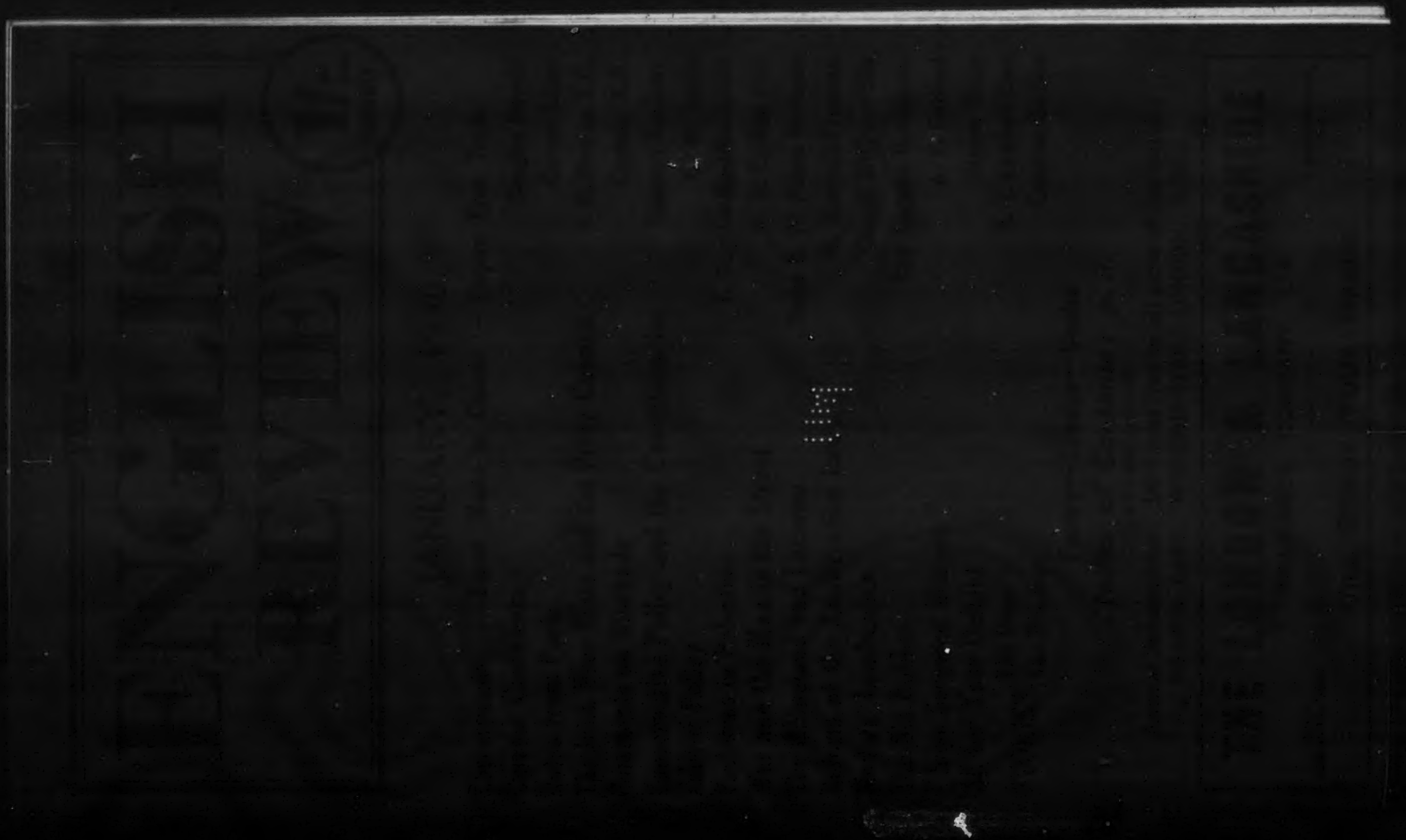

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No one who smokes the Arcadia would ever attempt to describe its delights, for his pipe would be certain to go out. When he was at school, Jimmy Moggridge smoked a cane-chair, and he has since said that from cane to ordinary mixtures was not so noticeable as the change from ordinary mixtures to the Arcadia. I ask no one to believe this, for the confirmed smoker in Arcadia detests arguing with anybody about anything. Were I anxious to prove Jimmy's statement, I would merely give you the only address at which the Arcadia is to be had. But that I will not do. It would be as rash as proposing a man with whom I am unacquainted for my club. You may not be worthy to smoke the Arcadia Mixture.

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THE

ENGLISH REVIEW

JANUARY, 1930

Correspondence

Forest Waste in Canada

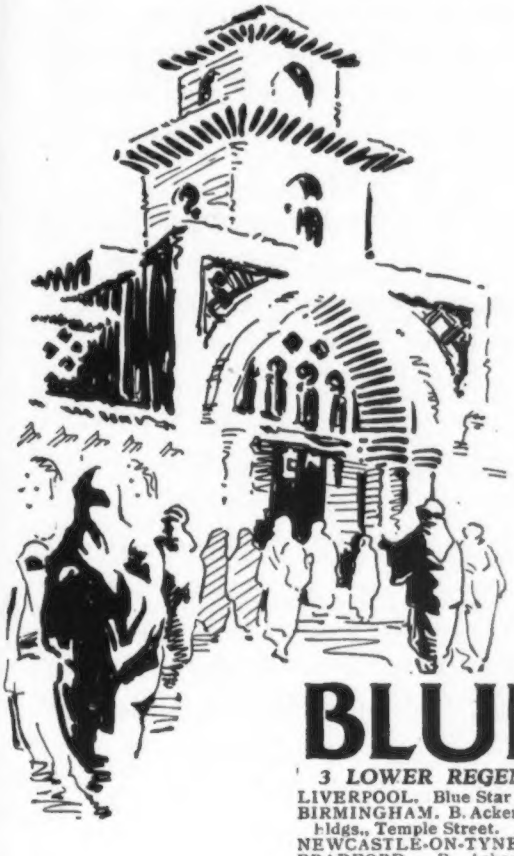
To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—In a recent statement given to the Press in reply to Sir George Courthrope's remarks in the British House of Commons, calling attention to the approaching exhaustion of the Empire's forest resources, the Quebec Forest Service says, among other things, that " progress is made every year in Quebec, where more territory has been placed under control, where the cut is limited to the annual increment," and that " as forest conditions in the Province of Quebec are better from a standpoint of tree growth than many countries of Europe which now yield several hundred board feet per acre annually, there is no occasion for alarm on this matter."

Webster defines " several " as any number in excess of two. Consequently the several hundred board feet above referred to could not be less than three hundred. It might be more. But assuming the minimum number as a basis, I will make the following sporting offer to the Forest Service of Quebec, namely: if they can show me any average licensed pulpwood limit in Quebec where the annual increment over a ten-year period has equalled the depletion, or any limit where the annual increment amounts to several hundred board feet per acre, I will agree to give up my life work and never mention forest conservation in Canada again. (This is a good opportunity to silence for ever the only man in Canada who seems willing to tell the people the full story of Canada's deplorable forest situation.)

If the Forest Service proves right in its contention, I will further agree to bear the entire expense of an examination of the limits; if I prove right, the Forest Service to pay the bills; the experts making the investigation to be mutually agreed upon.

If " Quebec has enormous resources," and if there is " no occasion for alarm," why is America looking toward northern Russia for a wood



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supply? Why are we cutting such large quantities of small, immature trees four and five inches in diameter (which fact alone proves the wood shortage is now here)? Why are we spending large sums of money in the impossible task of trying to provide raw material for our vast pulp and paper industry by planting tiny seedlings?

The Royal Pulpwood Commission, which, in 1924, investigated the pulpwood supply, visited every province and had access to all provincial and dominion records, as well as the testimony, advice and opinion of all government forest officials and of many lumbermen, stated in its report that Canada is dissipating its woods' capital at a greater rate than any other nation in the world. The Commission estimated the total available stand of spruce and fir in the Province of Quebec at that time as amounting to 131,000,000 cords. Consumption alone in the province, without including other means of depletion, was estimated at 3,000,000 cords annually. The same report gave the average minimum loss over a ten-year period during the budworm epidemic as 10,000,000 cords annually, and stated that "losses through other insects and through fungi, it is impossible to determine, but there is every evidence that they are considerable."

The budworm is still active, though not epidemic, and an even more voracious insect, the "hemlock looper," which destroys not only spruce but also hemlock and balsam fir, is now infesting the forests of Quebec causing serious losses. Wind is doing enormous damage, following the heavy thinning out caused by the budworm. Fungi are also a source of great loss in our standing forests. Losses by fire in Quebec, owing to unusually favourable weather conditions during the past season, were small, but given one season such as has been experienced by British Columbia, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Ontario during the present year, which in the natural course of events is bound to occur, the loss would be practically incalculable. Other and even more serious results from the over-cutting of our forested areas are evident in the lowering and drying up of water sources, the impairment of our water powers and a disastrous effect on agriculture and climate.

The statement was made before the Canadian Forestry Association at Ottawa by Mr. Thomas Maher, the well-known Consulting Forest Engineer of Quebec, that he had cruised twenty-five per cent. of all the leased limits in the Province of Quebec during the past twelve years, and that the result of this exhaustive survey "showed that out of a total of eighty thousand one hundred and eighty-eight square miles of leased limits in Quebec, sixty-five per cent. of all these lands contain no timber," and that without any allowance for the large losses continually being suffered through fire, insects, disease and wind, the

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forest industries will have cut the last cord of commercial wood on leased grounds in twenty-seven years.

The Dominion Forest Service states that four and one-half cords of wood have been destroyed in the past for every cord utilized, indicating that if use and destruction continue at the same ratio as in the past (which will be the case unless something is done to change the situation) we are, according to all of the above figures, confronted with the practical exhaustion of our commercially available wood supply within the very brief period of between six and seven years.

No one can attribute pessimism to me in this matter, as these are not my figures at all, but, on the contrary, are all government statistics or figures furnished by experts employed by the governments.

I have just received a letter from a prominent American Forester, who says, " I have been cruising timber tracts in Canada for the past thirty years, and my experience regarding timber conditions is in perfect harmony with yours." Another Canadian forest authority writes, " Our critical forest situation cannot be exaggerated."

And in the face of all this expert testimony and these indisputable statistics, the Quebec Forest Service says there is " no cause for alarm."

Yours, etc.

FRANK J. D. BARNJUM.

Montreal.

Empire Free Trade

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—There is not the least doubt that the majority of voters are in favour of Lord Beaverbrook's scheme for Free Trade within the Empire, but they vary somewhat in their ideas as to how this could best be brought about. There are two flies in the ointment. The first is that the average voter in Great Britain fears, in spite of what has been said to the contrary, that his food will cost him more. And the second is that the Dominions fear that we should swamp their industries with manufactured goods from home. To me it appears that the first difficulty can be got over by giving a subsidy to home-grown produce. This would be borne by Imperial taxation, and therefore would not affect the price of food.

It has been argued that a subsidy of this kind is unworkable and open to abuses. We have a concrete example in the subsidy of sugar-beet which proves the contrary. It would also help to get the people back to the land and prevent those already there from drifting to the

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towns. The true wealth of a nation is the virile peasant population. Froude said that there should be at least seventy-five per cent. of the population on the soil. Unfortunately for us over seventy-five per cent. of our population are now in the towns, and without this reserve no nation can remain for any length of time an Imperial power, as history shows. Colonial produce could be bought in bulk by the Government, which would prevent the price being inflated to the consumer when foreign produce was taxed. To prevent Colonial industries being swamped by us, we should have to give them some percentage on the profits of manufactured goods sold by us to them. This could be given to similar Colonial industries pro rata.

To my mind one certain result of this would be that the United States would feel the pressure of our commercial "zollverein," and would beg to be allowed to join it, thereby cementing the unity of the English-speaking race in the most binding manner possible, namely, by self-interest.

Yours, etc.,

J. B. PAGET.

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ENGLISH REVIEW

JANUARY, 1930

Current Comments

THE year 1930 opens unfavourably. This time last year we remarked on a few signs of recurring sanity, notably in international affairs. The first decade of the peace would be remembered, we wrote, for the failure of open diplomacy and for constant outbreaks of friction and rumours of war, due to the insatiable appetite of democratic politicians for interfering with other people's affairs. We expressed a hope that we might be at the beginning of an era of ten years' silence, free from pacts, treaties and understandings. Our hope was misplaced. Largely as the result of the lack of virile statesmanship at home, the Conservative Party, though receiving the largest number of votes in the country, lost its majority in the House of Commons, and Mr. Baldwin's administration, painstaking but woefully uninspired, gave way to a Government of a very different kind. The new Government is probably the most cynical which has ever been in office in this country. But it is also extremely clever at the game of politics, and it has used its tenure of power to inaugurate a forward foreign policy calculated to produce immediately spectacular results at a price which only the future will have to pay.

The Chances of 1930

THE sluggish acquiescence of the majority of Englishmen in the new Foreign policy is due to a weakening in the moral fibre of a generation fed on the gospel of compromise. For a philosophy of effort, our wise men preach a philosophy of ease, and our rich men a more shameful philosophy of "cutting our losses." The business men who built up British industry and British agriculture—the younger generation may be interested to know that we were still, in the days of their grandfathers, a great agricultural country—are not to blame,

The New Foreign Policy

unless we use the term "business" in the slipshod way which is to-day so usual, and, may we add, so characteristic. Business men know that effort is necessary to success, that the shrewd calculation of easy and quick profits is not a gift on which enduring enterprise can be founded. But our industries, like our Press and our political parties, are dominated to-day, not by business men, but by financiers; not by manufacturers, but by middlemen. For such, peace at any price is a natural gospel. They are not concerned with the slow and grave historical processes which determine the course of trade and the rise and fall of national prosperity. The rise and fall of Stock Exchange quotations are their vital interest. Their attitude is reflected in the comment of a leading daily paper—a comment certainly unequalled for fatuity in any century—that at the forthcoming naval conference, while it is hoped that the British point of view will be kept in the foreground, it is essential to remember that the chief interest lies in the fact of getting a settlement, the terms being a matter of secondary importance.

The Fruits of Indifference

THIS foolish indifference to what the Government may do in the future has unfortunately been matched by an equal indifference to what they have already done in Egypt, in India, and in Russia. To "placate public opinion" in India we have substituted a loose catchpenny phrase about Dominion Home Rule for the Simon Commission's Report as the touchstone of our policy. In regard to Egypt and Russia we have been at least equally cynical in preferring the appearance of a settlement based on mutual consent to the less easily attainable goal of a settlement based on justice. Meanwhile, armaments are still being piled up, China is still ravaged by rival bandits, Afghanistan is still in the throes of civil war, and Russia, that ardent devotee of the Kellogg Pact, has advanced against Chinese towns with tanks, gas, and bombs to enforce her will on the nation whose internal security and peace she has carefully undermined. No one cares. Let us, however, utter a word of warning to our comfortable financiers and parlour revolutionaries. The time is coming, and is not

far distant, when even the rich will prefer even a just government to no government at all.

STILL more certain is it that the same choice will be made by the poor when the necessity arises. The Government's policy at home has been, like their policy abroad, to pursue popularity at the price of principle. No more has been heard of their proud boast that they would reduce, or even cure, unemployment. Instead, they are facing with flagrant improvidence the task of providing increased reliefs and benefit for an increasing army of unemployed. By raising the school age, by finally bankrupting the Unemployment Fund, by turning their backs definitely and categorically on the principle of maintaining a connection between individual contributions and benefits, and by breaking the contributory principle alike for Unemployment Insurance and Widows' Pensions, the Government have embarked on a policy which can have only one end—increased unemployment. The deficit on this year's budget will be such as to make it necessary to raise between £20 and £40 millions by fresh taxes, while our continental and American rivals are actively engaged in reducing their own charges on industry.

Prospects at Home

THESE are not party polemics. They are facts to which the Government testify by their acts. In launching a new conversion loan on a 5 per cent. basis they confess that British credit is permanently lowered, and by budgeting for a total of 1,200,000 unemployed during the next twelve months they confess that British industry is permanently impoverished. These confessions of impotence would be lamentable from any party, but are impudent when they come from a party which won the election barely six months ago on the plea that by positive action they could reduce unemployment and restore industry. Actually, the cost of the legislation already introduced, none of which even pretends to be constructive or to be directed to the restoration of trade, will take away almost at once the whole of the benefits conferred on industry by de-rating and give nothing in return.

Two Confessions of Failure

A Parallel from Australia

THE effect of curtailing our national production by keeping people out of productive industry and paying them to do nothing is the same, whatever the claims of the beneficiaries to our sympathy. It is sometimes, and foolishly, said that the Conservatives have no constructive policy; that something must be done for the old, the young, the sick, the widows, the orphan, and that no useful purpose is served by complaining of the cost. The answer is that there is no power under Heaven which will enable the State to do anything in the way of direct relief except tax Peter to pay Paul. To continue the process beyond the point when Peter can continue to earn a living is not to govern but to abdicate from the primary function of government, which is to say "No" to the individual when the general good is at stake. This is not abstract theory but hard fact. More and more men are being thrown and kept out of employment. More and more men are on short time. In Australia the process has gone so far that the new Government has virtually closed the door to immigration and has had to confess that the vast continent for which they are responsible is unable, after a decade of "progressive" legislation, to maintain a population of the size of Greater London. What a record! And the same thing will happen here with results which cannot fail, if we persist in our madness, to be catastrophic. Those who are first to feel the fruits of the substitution of out relief for government, are the poor. The time is fast approaching when their numbers will increase to perilous dimensions; and if that time comes, the rule of the politicians will be over.

The Facts of the Case

THE facts of the case are quite clear. Since post-war conditions became stabilized in 1921, the approximate numbers in receipt of relief in January of each year have been as follows:—

1922	...	1,493,066	1925	...	1,205,267
1923	...	1,537,990	1926	...	1,439,810
1924	...	1,372,098	1927	...	1,548,911

The average number in the three years preceding

the war was under 800,000. During the same period the cost of the social services which are advertised by the Socialist Party as the cure for poverty and unemployment have risen from £40 millions to over £280 millions, excluding the direct cost of poor relief, which is to-day greater than the entire cost of the social services in 1911. The moral of these facts is sufficiently clear. They confirm and reinforce alike abstract theory and ordinary commonsense. By spending more and producing less we are getting gradually poorer.

The Real Pessimism

IT is said sometimes that these and similar warnings are useless and futile; that unless Conservatives can produce a constructive policy, they have no future and had best keep quiet. This view is plausible but fallacious. A constructive policy is, of course, essential; but it is a gross begging of the question to assume that the only possible constructive policy is a policy of direct State interference. The fact is that this country is drifting to bankruptcy. Widespread unemployment, the falling birth rate, the break-up of historic institutions and increased poverty are the familiar signs. To say, in the face of these facts, which form the stock-in-trade of progressive as well as Conservative orators, that we must go on in the same direction as at present or be labelled merely destructive, is bedlam logic. It is those who persist in going on, despite the signs, who are heading for destruction, and to acquiesce in every change as "inevitable" is the real fatalism, the real counsel of despair. The Conservative remains the only real optimist in a world of cheap-jack pessimists. Let us cling to our faith in a faithless world.

The Conservative Faith

WHAT is our faith? Broadly, it is that we can save ourselves by our exertions, and others by our example. He is not an enlightened humanitarian but a man lost to all belief in manhood who believes that the burdens which fall on the individual to-day are too heavy to be borne, and who seeks, therefore, in any difficulty, for State intervention. We, on the other hand, believe that individuals faced with responsibilites will live up to them: our pessimism goes only so far as to convince us that no

man will willingly do something for himself which someone else will do for him. Business men are no exception. As long as our industrialists are clinging to hopes of concealed subsidies, tariffs and cheap labour as a cure for their difficulties, they will continue to muddle along and to produce, out of 485 productive units, less coal than Westphalia and the Pas de Calais produce with 65, and at an infinitely higher cost. In these matters we stand for no class and no interest. What "work or maintenance" is to the individual workman, "protection" is to the industrialist. Until the responsibility is replaced on every man in this country to maintain himself and his business unaided and unpitied, there will be no revival of prosperity.

The Duty of the State.

WHAT, then, is the function of the State in these matters? The answer is important because it gives the key to the right handling of the present political situation by the Conservative Party. The function of the State is so to regulate the services which it renders to individuals as to place a premium on individual self-reliance. Its first duty is to put the different schemes of insurance on a genuinely contributory basis, whereby the benefits are directly and inexorably related to the contributions. Its second is to hand over the reconstituted and unified scheme to an impartial non-political commission, and to make the State contribution a charge on the consolidated fund, thus removing the administration of the schemes from political criticism, precisely as the activities of the Controller and Auditor-General are removed. To protect the savings of hardworking and successful individuals and to ensure that the contributions of good employers accrue to the benefit of the men on whose behalf they are made is perhaps the most crying need of the time. No one realizes yet the meaning of the bankruptcy of the Unemployment Fund and the haphazard opening both of unemployment benefit and widows' pensions to persons who have contributed either nothing or a derisory pittance. These things mean quite simply that private funds allocated by Statute to one purpose have been misappropriated to another purpose. The observance of the forms of law does not excuse the breach of decency.

The fact is that men who have been in regular employment for eighteen years have been forced to subscribe to a fund which is now £40 millions in debt and that they can now only look to the charity of the taxpayers for any benefits at all should their employment end.

What does it matter?

BUT, someone will argue, they will get their benefit, and what does it matter? What matters is, that these men, the thrifty and hardworking as well as the unfortunate and the idle, are being pauperized. They are told—they have to be told, once the Unemployment Fund is bankrupt—that the Insurance Scheme is so only in name, that the scheme is not really contributory, that no one really cares what anyone has contributed, that the money is there all the same, provided always the right politicians are in office. To put an end to this is, in our view, the first task of Conservatives.

The Value of a real Insurance Scheme.

THE hard nucleus of 400,000 more or less permanently unemployed, who have bankrupted the fund, have, of course, to be provided for. For them different machinery is indispensable and proper. The first essential is to take them out of the fund and keep them out until they have qualified for benefit by a year's work at least. Only in this way can a real effective and generous insurance against unemployment be provided for those who have earned it, and only in this way can the different insurance schemes be combined effectively and removed from State control. Above all, only in this way can a public opinion, hostile to the malingerer and the idle, be created. Public opinion is more effective than any law, and much fairer. It must be given a chance. Finally, such a scheme gives every man, woman and child in the country a direct interest in the state of industry, of public health, of private morality, of thrift, industry and loyalty to the community. On these factors the prosperity of the national insurances schemes will rest and on the precise measure of that prosperity will depend the benefits which the individual citizen can draw.

THE next task of Conservatives is the rationalization of industry. This does not mean selling to the public the shares of already bankrupt concerns at an inflated figure, or its inevitable sequel, the complacent writing down of capital with a view to the concealment, from a forgetful public, of vast losses. It means first and foremost a drastic amendment of the Company Laws to protect the investor, to cut out the speculator, and to penalize the inefficient director. Recent events, to which it would be improper to refer, make it desirable to deal with this not really intricate problem, in detail, at a later date. It is enough to say here that the Conservative Party, with its special knowledge of the problem, has a special responsibility and a very definite duty. It is surprising that Mr. Baldwin should not before now have taken the opportunity of committing his party to drastic and effective action. The next step, after ensuring the proper and economical direction of companies and the legitimate employment of their capital, is to take power to compel amalgamations in key industries. The obstacles to amalgamation are not and cannot be supplied by the shareholders, but by vested interests, and the purchase of the support of these interests has in the past been too costly. The consumer must be protected.

The Reform of Industry

THE problem of Empire Free Trade is likely to give rise to much talk during the next twelve months, and if Mr. Baldwin follows in the ill-omened footsteps of Lord Balfour and Mr. Amery or those of Joseph Chamberlain, the Conservative Party will break up, this time for good. Quite obviously a loose adherence to a high-sounding formula is Mr. Baldwin's easiest way out of the difficulty. But it will not be effective. The issue is raised and the Conservative Party must declare its policy. At the moment every wriggle of the 1905–07 period is being repeated. The British farmer is to be saved, but food prices are not to be increased; British manufacturers are to be protected, but no manufacturer is to pay more for his raw material; Dominion manu-

Empire Free Trade

factures are not to be interfered with, but British exports to the Dominions are to be increased. These quibbles are beneath contempt. Facts have got to be faced, even in a "crusade." Before we express any opinion on the matter ourselves we want to know what specific proposals are before us and on whose authority. It is for the leader of the Conservative Party on such an occasion to lead. Is Mr. Baldwin prepared to do so?

Literature in 1929

THE year 1929 has not been a remarkable one in literature-art. It has seen the publication of Dr. Bridges's great "Testament of Beauty," but otherwise, war books apart, nothing that has appeared is likely to live. The "boom" in war literature, if we were not justified, as we are, in regarding it as either political or pathological in origin, would, however, be a disastrous index of a declining popular taste.

The Truth about the War

IT is not, however, unprofitable to make a note of salient episodes or characteristic comments contained in these books which are being lauded everywhere as revealing fearlessly "the truth about the war." Here they are. Brave men shot for cowardice ("The Secret Battle"); innocent men condemned to death for offences never committed ("Sergeant Grischa"); routineers behind the lines worrying young heroes with an impertinent barrage of trumpery complaints ("The Spanish Farm"); "frequent executions" (Mr. Robert Graves's "Goodbye to all that"); strong men brutalized by the sheer horror of war ("All Quiet on the Western Front, Farewell to all this"); drunken staff officers glorying in courts martial ("Rough Justice"); and cynical routineers letting them take their course ("Rough Justice," "The Secret Battle," "Sergeant Grischa"); the brutality of gaolers and the simple Christian humanity of suspects and defeatists ("The Enormous Room"); the callous indifference of governments and the misplaced faith of the private soldier in their good intentions ("Squad," "The Enormous Room," "All Quiet"); the death of a whole generation as typified by the annihilation of a section or squad ("War Birds," "Squad," "All Quiet"); blood lust and looting triumphant ("Red

Cavalry," "All Quiet"); the hopeless struggles of a sane man against insensitive incompetence ("These Men Thy Friends"); sensuality and drunkenness ("Farewell to Arms," "Goodbye to All That," "All Quiet").

The Meaning of the New Books

WHAT is the first significant thing about all this? It is that these books all *deal with every conceivable kind of struggle except the struggle of one army against another, one people against another, one creed against another.* This cannot be accidental. The writers of these books are too gifted and too clear. The reason is perfectly simple. Every one of these books is written under the illusion that the war was futile, and under the illusion that it was recognized as futile by those who fought it. It is this obsession of futility, not an excess of sympathy or sentiment, which accounts for the piling up of the individual agony to so many poignant climaxes, remote from the necessary or even from the normally incidental happenings of war. The suffering, the horror and the desolation are presented always and brutally as without a meaning in so far as the declared purposes of the struggle are concerned, because those declared purposes are, to the writers and critics of this moment, so many impudent and deadly frauds.

The Truth about War Books

WHY are these books so popular? The answer is clear enough. The people who read books to-day are the literary cliques, the young men, the men over 50, and the women. Men who were between the ages of 17 and 35 when the war broke out are to-day between the ages of 31 and 50, and they are too busy to read. We are, at this moment, at a period when the literary public is made up almost exclusively of the people who stayed at home and the people who were children during the war, and the last thing that this public wishes to know about the war is that it was a great drama which altered the course of history, and that without the sacrifices of those years the new era of peace with which their idealistic consciences are so pre-occupied could never have been built on any enduring foundation.

Yet, without wishing to understand, they wish to sympathize. The agony, the horror, the desolation of war appal them. But they must see it as a tragic futility or not at all. And the writers know it. It is, indeed, with a Pecksniffian insistence upon their inability to forget that they are turning into cash other people's inability to remember.

The Danger of the Present Craze

BUT, someone will ask, does it matter? These books may not be the truth about the war but many of them are indubitably fine books, and by their insistence upon the horrors of war they may strengthen the public will to peace. It is a plausible argument, but, unfortunately, it conceals a fatally dangerous fallacy. These books simplify and sentimentalize the problem of war and peace until the problem tends to disappear in a silly gesture of complacent moral superiority, and the four years of war are shown idiotically as four years of sanguinary and futile battle in which everything was lost and nothing gained: a struggle begun for no reason and concluded with no results. To present this view of war in pages of incomparable vividness and horror is to delude the public with a presentation of the problem of war and peace from which all the difficulties and the dangers have been removed. If the growing generation are brought up to believe that the attainment of peace is as easy as all that, it will go hard with them indeed. Peace cannot be ensured merely by gestures of goodwill or by the possession of any amount of moral superiority. It can be ensured only by clear thinking, by a study of historical forces, and by a resolute concentration on the world as it is and not by speculation upon the world which enlightened young writers wish to see.

Was the War Futile?

WHENCE comes this damnably foolish cant about a "futile" war? A war which remoulded the structure of Europe, hurled three Empires into the dust, brought into the very forefront of history three new states, and established a new system of international relationships! Not even the most extreme individualist nor the most earnest pacifist, nor their descendants for

many generations, will be able to modify or escape from its consequences. Most of these English, German and American writers who pretend to so passionate a sympathy for suffering humanity can choose between the assumption that they are wholly indifferent to the liberation of Poland, Bohemia and the eastern states of the Austrian Empire from an obsolete tyranny, to the establishment of the League of Nations, and the downfall of autocratic and irresponsible government, and the only alternative assumption, that they have simply not thought about the matter at all.

The significance of the War Books.

We do not apologize for devoting so much attention to these books. Over 100,000,000 people all over the world have read them. No literary "movement" in our time has had so wide or damaging an influence. It is time to make an end of it. You cannot escape from the problem of good and evil by the exercise of literary talent. It is essential for the good of our souls and the safety of our bodies to remember this. Only by courage and iron resolution will the reign of justice be established on earth. At present, while peace is chattered about in the suburbs of Western Europe, anarchy is spreading over vast tracts of territory. Millions of men are under arms; millions of homes are in constant peril of loot and desecration. Before 1914 these things would have roused the conscience of Europe. To-day Europe is so conscious of its moral superiority and unswerving devotion to peace that it will not move a finger. It will only sign pacts and pass resolutions. These war books reflect this evil mood. They are teaching people that all the good things of life come easily and automatically and that all the evil is due to the interference of politicians and soldiers with the peaceful evolution of society. That is a lie. One glance round the world to-day proves it so. But the literary *coteries* who are booming their books will not take that one glance. They must be taught to do so.

Douglas Jerrold.

Notes from Paris

By George Adam

A Good Year.—France can look back upon the year that is past with considerable satisfaction. She has been rewarded for her real if somewhat belated financial courage in facing the burdens of taxation and has begun to gather the fruits of M. Poincaré's firm administration in all branches of the public service. Her industries are prosperous; there is no unemployment and revenue returns have already reached such figures that some small measure of tax abatement has been rendered possible. There are no traces of the Paris Bourse having been deeply affected by the Wall Street upheaval, and there are no signs of frenzied finance such as have darkened the close of the year in Great Britain. M. Tardieu, the new Premier, has been able without much difficulty to thwart the ambitions aroused by the temporary retirement of M. Poincaré from affairs, and although he is still far from exerting the influence of his leader over Parliament, he has, nevertheless, shown courage and decision in dealing with the opposition, and should be able to count upon a reasonable term of office to justify the confidence he has always professed in the sound-heartedness and cool-headedness of his countrymen.

France Abroad.—Abroad, the record of the past and the prospects of the future are not so clear. Stresemann's death was undoubtedly a severe setback to M. Briand's policy, for, while men of all parties recognized that Stresemann was a German first of all, they also esteemed him as a man who was sincerely desirous to work for the pacification of Europe, and it is no insult to his successor to say that he is still in this respect very much of an unknown quantity to French opinion. Nevertheless, following upon the adoption of the Young Plan, the evacuation of the Rhineland has been begun in earnest.

Practically no progress has been made by the French in their desire to meet the natural desire of Italy for room for her pent-up population, and the seeds of trouble along the Mediterranean are as plentiful as they were

a year ago. The only event at the French Foreign Office to which world-wide importance was given through the megaphone of propaganda machinery was the signature of the Kellogg Pact, outlawing war. Some people in France still remember that the Great Powers of the day a long time ago decided to outlaw war upon Belgium.

Franco-British Relations.—By far the blackest cloud in the French horizon abroad is that represented by Franco-British relations. In the course of a brief visit to England I have been astounded by the frank manner in which people have spoken as of an accepted fact of British dislike of France. There are no doubt many reasons for this change. Every country immediately after the war unconsciously and naturally magnified its share in the common victory at the expense of an ally. France has no more been able to understand the devastated areas of our unemployment crisis than we have perhaps been able to appreciate at its full psychological value the occupation by the enemy of ten departments of France. Much foolish propaganda of an electioneering description has been let loose in both countries on the subject of debts; and quite honest suspicions of bad faith have been aroused on both sides of the Channel. But when these were accounted for, I discovered that deep down in the minds of British critics of France lay the old fear that France was determined to be top-dog in Europe, and that she was the ever-present obstacle to the progress of peace who for ever harped back to old militarist ideas.

French Needs for Defence.—The French, it is true, have the largest standing army of any European Power, but if anyone imagines that the average Frenchman likes giving up his year of service and his time as a reservist to the army, he is greatly mistaken. Nothing but a solid conviction of its necessity makes it acceptable. The controversy between Foch and Clemenceau as to the left bank of the Rhine being the only frontier of French security is there to show how weak many moderate Frenchmen think their eastern frontiers are to-day. And much of their strength will depend upon the ability of France to control the western end of the Mediterranean

and transport rapidly and safely her colonial armies from Africa.

The London Conference.—Thus the London Conference will again be used as an argument in favour of the French thesis that disarmament problems cannot be tackled piecemeal, that armaments, whether they be on land, on sea or in the air, are all interdependent, and that, in considering any scheme for their reduction, the potential armament capacity of each nation's industry must be borne in mind.

In its purely naval aspects the disarmament problem for the French lies in the Mediterranean and in Italy's demand for parity of naval strength. Were the Italian claim admitted, France, with long trade routes to protect for her colonial Empire and with an army of some 400,000 men to transport, might find herself with a navy faced by Italian fleets built for the one specific purpose of Mediterranean warfare and of equal strength. She would thus be in an infinitely worse position than was the overpowering sea strength of Britain in dealing with the German High Sea Fleet built solely for attack in the North Sea.

The French Point of View.—For these reasons the French Government looks upon the London Conference as a step forward in the disarmament discussions of Geneva and does not anticipate any definite decisions to be forthcoming. In any case they take their stand upon the platform laid down by the League of Nations, that the size of navies shall be governed by the geographical and special defensive requirements of each country. They are not prepared to accept reduction of ships by category, nor are they willing to forgo the use of the submarine, which, in effect, would be their most useful weapon in the blockade of any hostile country's war fleet in the Mediterranean.

The Irish Free State and the Privy Council

By J. H. Morgan, K.C.

Two recent announcements—some people might call them threats—by Ministers of the Irish Free State as to their intention to cut the judicial tie which unites the new Dominion, in common with its seniors, to the Crown, have created some despondency, but little alarm. The despondency is confined to those among us who have nothing but benevolent feelings towards the constitutional development of the Irish Free State, now that its "Dominion Status" has become an accomplished fact, whatever we may think of the abject cowardice, not to say hysteria, of the "Unionist" element in the now notorious Coalition Government which brought it about. The alarm is, or should be, confined to those Irishmen in the "Free State" who see, if they have the gift of vision at all, that, in a very few years, the Free State will find herself an Ishmael among all the other five Dominions, ridiculous abroad and distrusted at home, a by-word for political inconstancy, and exposed to terrific possibilities of quite constitutional retaliation by the British Parliament, of which more in a moment. Of her political inconstancy, even in her own affairs, one curious example will suffice. She was permitted to act as the architect of her own constitution, the validity of which, as she is in a habit of forgetting, rests on a statute of the British Parliament, and that Parliament alone, and, what is far more important in the present instance, the terms of which are subject to the strict observance of the Anglo-Irish "agreement" which, by the British Act that brought the Irish conception of a constitution to birth, governs the whole of that constitution and controls its interpretation by the Irish Courts themselves. The inconstancy of the new Dominion in affairs which are admittedly her own is strikingly illustrated by what may be called her constitutional infirmity of mind. In 1922 her "Constituent Assembly" proceeded to draft a constitution. Its procedure was quite curiously academic. Even the thirteen colonies in North America, which seceded from us in the 18th century, were careful, as so many American constitutional lawyers have pointed out,

although quite as estranged from everything British as was, and is, the Ireland of 1922 and of to-day, to study the British Constitution when they proceeded to set up house, and, as one of the ablest American constitutional lawyers has recently pointed out, Mr. Burdick, they produced "not an invention but a codification"—a codification of British precedents. But the new Irish Constituent Assembly would have nothing so unclean. It proceeded, not, indeed, like the French Revolutionaries of 1789, to send to Crete for a copy of the laws of Minos, but to call for copies of the "written" constitutions of the whole of the civilized, or semi-civilized world. Every one of these constitutions had, of course, its own historical background, for a constitution, as an acute German lawyer has observed, is to a State "what the clothes are to the body," and is, indeed, as peculiar to it as its history and its climate. But the Solons of Dublin, in their anxiety to repudiate not merely British history but their own Parliamentary history from 1782 to 1800, preferred to produce a marvellous hybrid which, in its effort to imitate all, resembled none, and was so full of rents and patches that the Irish people have been feverishly busy darning it ever since. Since that speculative constitution was enacted, it has been subjected to no less than eleven amendments in six years. The constitution of Canada, prayed in aid by the Irish themselves, in the articles of the Anglo-Irish "Agreement," has endured without amendment—except for some trifling alterations in the numerical character of the Senate—for sixty-two years. The Federal Constitution of Australia remains exactly what it was at its birth, some twenty-nine years ago. So does that of South Africa. The same is true, or almost true, of New Zealand and Newfoundland. On their own showing, therefore, the Irish Free citizens have, to put it very mildly, much to learn. And as to the appellate jurisdiction of the Privy Council, the Irish Free State would do well to remember, in such a paraphrase of the words of Burke as Burke would himself have addressed to them to-day, that "It is better to believe yourself wrong than all the rest of the Dominions mistaken." For in its attempt to repudiate the appellate jurisdiction of the Privy Council altogether it stands ignominiously alone.

It would be far beyond the limits of a short article to describe the character, scope, prestige, and value

to the Dominions themselves, of " the greatest court in Christendom "—to wit, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Equally impossible would it be to explain here the respect paid to its judgments by the highest courts of all the Dominions, the truly representative character given to its panel of judges in recent years, the care which their lordships themselves have taken to discourage frivolous appeals and, in express words, to invest the highest courts of the Dominions with something of the Privy Council's own prestige and authority. I have done that elsewhere.* The result to-day is that not a single Dominion has made, or is likely to make, any serious attempt to deprive itself of this ultimate source of judicial wisdom. No! not even when, as in the case of Australia and South Africa, two of them have been entrusted by the Imperial Parliament with the power, under their constitutions, to legislate restricting the matters in respect of which His Majesty in Council, in other words the Judicial Committee, may grant a petition for special leave to appeal. Neither the Commonwealth Parliament nor the Parliament of the Union has ever attempted any such restriction. The Canadian Parliament, as is the case with the Irish Parliament, has indeed no such power under its constitution to limit a prerogative which is both historically and in fact the privilege of every subject of His Majesty to petition him that justice may be done and, under the Orders in Council of 1925, if he is impoverished in resources, to petition as a " poor person " for a hearing which will be practically gratuitous. But when the Parliament of Canada finds as, in the case of the recent judgment of *Nadan* v. *the King*,† a judgment absolutely unimpeachable in law, that it has not got, as the draftsman of its Criminal Code thought it had got, the power to restrict, or to abolish, the prerogative to entertain petitions in *criminal* cases or matters, it does not, like a spoilt child, cry out that it " won't play," and announce, like Mr. Blyth in Dublin, that it will refuse, in future, to recognize any judgments of the Privy Council, utter vague threats against its own citizens if they dare to avail themselves of their undoubted right to petition and talk the nonsense of Mr. Blyth about a

* In the Rhodes Lecture on "The Judicial Committee of the Privy Council" published in the *Law Journal* and the *Solicitors' Journal* of March, 1927.

† Law Journal Rep. Vol. 95 [1926], p. 114.

"judgment" of the Privy Council being not the judgment of a Court, but an arbitrary act of the Imperial executive, merely because those judgments are promulgated in the form of an Order in Council, an Order with which British Ministers have even less to do than the clerk of the Privy Council himself, for it merely registers a decision of the judges arrived at in a secrecy of counsel together which no British Ministers can ever penetrate, by a process of judicial reasoning with which they can never interfere. That a Minister of the Irish Free State should so mistake words for facts and form for substance would suggest that the proceedings of the Parliament in Dublin have never got beyond the adolescent level of an undergraduates' debating society. If Mr. Blyth has ever heard—which would appear doubtful—of the most important case* affecting, and, indeed, establishing, the complete Dominion status of his own "Free State," he would know that the English courts themselves have laid down the complete immunity of the Irish Free State from the interference of the British Executive. An Order in Council embodying the "advice" in form, the judgment in substance, of the Judicial Committee is as much a purely judicial utterance as was, let us say, the judgment of the Supreme Court in Dublin in the now notorious case—partly, but by no means wholly, the cause of all this artificial agitation against the Privy Council's jurisdiction—of *Wigg* v. *Cochrane*.

There is, in point of fact, no case for the abolition of the prerogative to entertain petitions from His Majesty's subjects in Ireland. As I have observed, no Dominion Parliament has ever attempted to abolish that prerogative. Even where, as in Australia, in purely "constitutional" cases, the Constitution of a Dominion has restricted the exercise of the prerogative, the highest court of that particular Dominion has either always "followed" English cases, or, where it *has* diverged from them and gone on an excursion into the judgments of the Supreme Court at Washington, it has, of its own free will, after some 18 years of such vagrancy, swung right back into the main stream of Privy Council decisions. Such a return of the prodigal might have been foreseen by any really wise man who took account of two fundamental facts: one that the Australian Constitution, in spite of its somewhat exotic appearance of American

* *Ex parte O'Brien* 2.K.B. 361.

"Federation," was based on the principles of English Parliamentary Government; the other, that the common law of Australia and Great Britain are the same. So with Ireland, in spite of the romantic features of its written constitutions, Irish judges would, even if the appellate jurisdiction of the Privy Council were abolished altogether, still follow British precedent and still maintain the same independence towards the Irish Executive as do the English courts in face of the English Executive, and, what is more to the point, as does the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in the face of those Privy Councillors who happen to be British Ministers. Unless the Irish courts are going to turn antiquaries and to enforce the Brehon laws, I do not know that they can ever escape the "foreign" taint of the decisions of the highest courts in Great Britain. Unless they are to be debased to the level of mere administrative tribunals, I see no hope—better, should I say, no fear—of their ever becoming any more satisfactory to the arbitrary temper of Irish Ministers than the Judicial Committee itself. Irish Ministers will do well to reflect on the possible repercussion at home of their attacks on the independence of the judgments of the Judicial Committee. Any repudiation of it as contrary to Irish sentiment may easily generate in Irish politics attacks on the independence of the judges of the High Court in Dublin whenever they happen to be contrary to Irish political sentiment. Then, no doubt, we should see the introduction of the latest innovation of the most backward States of Western America—the "Recall of Judges." The new Free State will have established itself as "the Playboy of the Western World."

The prospect of such a repercussion is by no means remote. For every move of the Irish Free State Government is directed towards the assertion of its complete independence of Great Britain. The consummation of that policy is impossible so long as the Anglo-Irish Agreement not only remains in force but remains what it is—an Imperial Act of Parliament extending by express words and necessary intendment to Southern Ireland and therefore binding it. As such the judge of the courts at Dublin must treat it. The judges of every court in every Dominion in the Empire enforce, as an elementary principle of law, the supremacy of Imperial legislation in all such cases and if the legislation of their own Dominion runs counter to such legislation, they declare the latter,

to the extent of its "repugnancy" to the former, null and void Unless the judges at Dublin are prepared to risk the disrepute of becoming mere politicians, they will and must do the same. The attempt of Irish politicians to make the judgments of the Dublin courts "final" and subject to no appeal (by "special leave" of the Privy Council) would therefore, even if successful, still leave the articles of the Anglo-Irish Agreement binding in the Irish Courts. The Irish Government would then have to attempt to coerce, possibly to remove, the Irish judges themselves.

The present agitation is, of course, merely one aspect of a general tendency in Southern Ireland to repudiate the Anglo-Irish Agreement altogether. The notorious attempt in 1926 to "register" it at Geneva as an international treaty, which it never was, is another aspect. The recent adhesion of the Irish Free State to the "optional clause" of the Hague Court, without the "reservations" insisted on, not only by Great Britain but by the other five Dominions, is yet another aspect. If Southern Ireland ever attempts, in case of a dispute with another British Dominion, to "bring it off," she will find herself completely isolated and supremely ridiculous. As for her Dominion status, she cannot have it both ways. As a Dominion she enjoys automatically all the benefit—and it is of considerable commercial and material value, quite apart from the advantages of unity of law—of all those statutes by which, in the matters of the enforcement of Dominion judgments over here, of probate, of bankruptcy of relief from "double" income-tax, of evidence of Dominion law and all the rest of it, the Dominions have a kind of preferential treatment, over all foreign countries, in Great Britain. If the British Parliament chose to exempt the Free State from the benefit of those truly "Imperial" statutes, it is she who would stand to lose and not Great Britain. She cannot both approbate and reprobate.

Lord Carson, with that characteristic moral courage which puts all politicians to shame, has called all this Irish agitation "blackmail." I should prefer to call it "nagging." It may frighten our politicians, but it does not intimidate the British people. The only result of it all will be that the Irish Free State may, indeed, retain its Dominion "status," but it will suffer a complete loss of political caste.

Comments on Blockade

By Captain, R.N.

THE term "Blockade," as Poseidon has said,* has gathered round it a jargon of its own. In its essence, however, it means nothing more than the interception of an enemy's supplies at sea. This task is a necessity of war and cannot be divorced from war for, as Grotius stated in the seventeenth century, "They are of the party of the enemy who supply him with what is necessary in war." †

Unfortunately there is no single term which includes all forms and methods of interception, and for the remainder of this article it will be necessary to use the word "interception" for this purpose.

Two principal methods of carrying it out have gradually been evolved and have been given specific names. One is the method of contraband; the other that of blockade.‡ In the former, neutral ships at sea are stopped and searched, and, if contraband in the form of supplies for the enemy is found on board, the ship by international usage can be sent into port for adjudication. A prize court then decides whether the goods are contraband, and whether in the circumstances they are liable to condemnation and seizure—in other words, to be made prize.§ The ship is usually ordered to be released. This procedure applies to all ships sailing anywhere on the ocean.

The method of blockade is more restricted and at the same time more severe—more restricted, for it is only enforced in a prescribed area which must be announced to all neutrals. Further, this area must be watched by a cordon of ships in order that the blockade may be "effective." In these circumstances no ships can pass in or out of the area without a permit from the blockading authority. The penalty is more severe, too, for any ship is liable to be stopped and sent

* ENGLISH REVIEW, November, 1929.

† Grotius, De Jure Belli et Pacis, Bk. III. Cap. I., Whewell's edition, 1831.

‡ The word "blockade" refers only to one particular method of carrying it out.

§ Prize is derived from the old French word *priser*: to take.

in for adjudication, and, if this is adverse, both ship and cargo are made prize. A blockade of this sort corresponds to investment by an army, and the port or coastal area is in the position of a besieged town (*oppidum obsessum*). Such were the blockades of the Spanish port of Santiago, in Cuba, by the United States in 1898, and of Port Arthur by the Japanese in 1904.

It would not be correct to say that the method is obsolete, for in the war it was used on the coast of German East Africa in 1915, in the Red Sea and in the Mediterranean. But it can hardly be doubted that in the case of a port or coast defended by aircraft, mines and modern vessels, its execution can be greatly impeded. The reason is plain. The blockading force has to lie so far off that, unless immensely superior, or aided by geographical conditions, it cannot maintain a constant or efficient watch.

This was demonstrated clearly enough in the late war. The Germans hoped, indeed, that we would endeavour to enforce a close blockade of Heliogland Bight, and expose our fleet to all the dangers of attack by aircraft and mines. This course, very much to their disappointment, we did not adopt. Instead, we stationed our main fleet off the Orkneys, barring their way to the ocean just as effectively as if we had been cruising within sight of Heligoland.

But some will certainly remark: Surely we constituted a blockade; there must have been a blockade somewhere, for everyone speaks of the blockade. The answer is that we did not constitute a blockade in the strict sense of the word. The Admiralty never announced a blockade of the German coast. It would have served no purpose in itself. We could not blockade the coasts of neutrals adjacent to Germany, and we were not in a position to enter the Baltic* and blockade the coast there. What we did do was to institute a control of goods passing into the North Sea.

Here the method of contraband was the only method that could be applied, and it is a somewhat ironical commentary on our foresight, and one that should

* The Sound is not passable to battleships and the Great Belt was mined.

make us constantly careful, that in 1907 we actually offered at the Hague to abandon altogether the right of intercepting contraband. We apparently trusted then to being able to establish a close blockade of the German coast and to attain all we wanted by this means. In fact, we were able to do nothing by blockade (in the strict sense of the word)* and it was in the conception of contraband† that we found our safety.

This conception is directed primarily against goods, and the procedure begins by declaring contraband those goods which are regarded as supplies of war. But here one is confronted with one of those big changes that have altered the aspect of maritime war. Modern science can convert almost anything into something else. Cotton and old rags were convertible into explosives, and everything except ostrich feathers and cuckoo clocks came gradually under the heading of supplies of war. The distinctions between classes of contraband disappeared.

By restricting itself only to certain commodities, contraband used formerly to give a large measure of consideration to neutrals, just as blockade alleviated the pressure by restricting the area in which it could be applied.

The old system had to be recast, and it was recast by introducing a procedure of agreements to prevent re-export by neutrals. These agreements took various forms. There were agreements, too, based on "monopoly" products such as coal and jute, whose supply could be controlled by us. The neutral sending to Germany twenty times the amount of fat exported previously was told that he would get no coal for his ships if he persisted in his ways. Arrangements were made with large mercantile guilds in neutral countries to ensure in British ports the rapid examination and release of their ships on condition that they did not re-export their goods.

These arrangements were an essential part of what may be called the new blockade, and may all be regarded

* *I.e.* by a *cordon* of cruisers encircling the enemy's coast.

† The word appears in Hakluyt in the 16th century, but its first official use in England was in the Treaty of Southampton in 1621 between England and the Dutch.

as forms of "interception."

It is important to remember that, though cruisers played an important part in the new blockade, its ramifications spread far outside the navy, and it is wrong to think of blockade and the interception of supplies in terms of cruisers alone.

But it may be asked: What right has a belligerent to intercept supplies of war? What right has he to interfere with trade? The answer is to be found in the usage of war from the earliest times. Grotius has embodied it in a principle. The belligerent acts by virtue of the necessity of war (*rigor belli*) forced on him by the nature and circumstances of war and the necessities of self-preservation and defence. It is impossible for an admiral or a general to permit supplies and munitions of war to pass freely to an enemy. War in such circumstances would be indefinitely prolonged. The neutral recognizing the necessity condones the act of interception so long as its procedure is in accordance with the recognized usages of war. By means of the old distinction between absolute contraband, such as munitions of war, and conditional contraband, which was not so liable to interception, the neutral in the past was able to carry on his trade with reasonable facility. The abolition of privateering* by the Declaration of Paris in 1856 also helped the neutral, for with privateering many irregularities indulged in by private ships disappeared.

In the late war, certain new features were forced on the old procedure by the modern nature of war. The right of Visit and Search is an essential part both of contraband and blockade. A ship if summoned by the firing of a gun—the *coup de semonce*—must show its flag and stop. This right is based on common sense, and cannot be better put than in the words of Sir William Scott's† judgment in the case of the

* That is capture by private ships working under a special commission, called Letters of Marque. The United States did not accede to it, but declared its intention in the War with Spain not to resort to privateering. Hay to Salisbury, April 23, 1898. *See* "Inner History of Declaration of Paris,'" by H. W. Malkin, C.B., C.M.G., in "British Year Book of International Law," 1927.

† Lord Stowell, Judge of the Admiralty Court in the Napoleonic Wars.

"Marie." "The right of visiting and searching merchant ships upon the high seas, whatever be the ship, whatever be the cargoes, whatever be the destination, is an incontestable right of the lawfully commissioned cruisers of a belligerent nation." I say, be the ship, the cargoes, and the destination what they may, *because till they are visited and searched it does not appear what the ship, the cargoes and the destination are.*" * This pronouncement of Sir William Scott is even truer now than it was a hundred years ago.

The importance of this procedure became intensified in the late war. It was one of the ruses of the Germans to disguise a raider as an innocent merchantman. One or two of them like the "Moewe" and the "Seeadler" managed to conceal their real identity; in the case of others like the "Greif" and "Leopard" their nature was revealed during Visit and Search and they were sunk.

Here can be discerned a deficiency in the old aspect of the law. Visit and Search have usually been regarded as part and parcel of contraband and of blockade. The practice may, however, have a motive distinct from the cargo. It may seek to uncover the disguise of a doubtful vessel and thus becomes an essential operation of war, distinct from all questions of contraband and blockade, and remaining as necessary as ever, even if contraband and blockade were abolished.

In the late war the danger of submarines forced upon us a considerable extension of the procedure of Visit and Search. Under the old usage, a ship was stopped, and was examined and searched at sea on the spot. In the late war it was considered essential for purposes of safety and convenience to bring ships into a safe port for examination.

We were able to use three convenient anchorages for this purpose—Falmouth and the Downs in the South and Kirkwall in the North—the use of which meant only a slight deflection of vessels from their proper track. Many ships, to avoid the inconvenience of being stopped and brought in by a cruiser, preferred to call at these ports of their own accord. This extension of the old right of

* 1 Rob. p. 539-60, cit. Atherley Jones, "Commerce in War," 299.

Visit and Search was not a very serious handicap on neutral shipping. The principal objections arose on the score of unnecessarily long detentions and delay. This is the point Mr. Lansing emphasized in his letter of October 1915, and this remains the real source of friction. The average period of detention was probably not more than a couple of days in 1916, but in some cases it was much longer.

These delays arose in the case of cargoes whose destinations were in doubt. But some will say: Are not full particulars of a lading given in the manifest? Unfortunately not. It is the spirit of concealment lurking behind the manifest which is at the root of the whole difficulty. The shipper may conceal his destination with intent to deceive, whereupon the belligerent responds with a long and tedious investigation which means delay. The natural result is friction.

It must be clearly understood that, though there are differences and possibly serious anomalies in points of law, the real source of friction lies in long periods of detention imposed on ships. The question arises, then, whether even under the existing state of things it would not be possible to accelerate the process of coming to a decision about a doubtful cargo. It may be doubted whether anyone ever did investigate closely the working of the actual machinery with a view to speeding it up. At Kirkwall, the staff, up to 1916, was not large enough for the work. At Ramsgate, in the Downs, the machinery suffered for some months from the want of a special office, and interpreters to deal with manifests. These manifests had to be abstracted and telephoned* up to the Contraband Committee. Now, while the manifest of a Holland-Amerika liner was a document done in triplicate in black and red on a giant typewriter, the manifest of a Dutch East Indiaman was not so much a document as a number of odd sheets of paper written in crabbed Dutch and requiring some hours to reduce to order.

These matters are, however, comparatively minor defects of organization which involve no great principle.

* Or in the case of Kirkwall telegraphed. A special telephone line was laid from Ramsgate, and at Kirkwall special telegraphists were appointed for this purpose.

On the other hand, it is the possibility of stratagem behind the manifest that is the real cause of detention and delay. Modern war has abolished the distinctions between classes of contraband and, if these distinctions disappear, some system of regulating the claims of neutral and belligerent is bound to take their place. The system that grew up in the war was based on a system of certificates (called "Navicerts," from their telegraphic prefix) to support the manifest. This system, if regularized by international agreement, would at least do something to ensure the passage of *bonâ fide* trade between neutrals.

One thing, however, must be avoided. The question ought not to be mixed up with League of Nations polity. The issue lies between belligerent and neutral. It does not lie between the League of Nations and the nations outside the League. There is one body of opinion which would give the League the monopoly of the right of interception;* but one might just as well give it the monopoly use of tanks, aircraft and gas.

War is an endeavour to impose pressure on an opponent so as to force him to submit to your will. Interception (*i.e.*, blockade, whether in the form of naval examination, economic pressure or embargo) is an instrument of war and, as Poseidon has stated, is on the whole one of the least objectionable and the most amenable to control. Again, so long as America stands outside the League, the use of interception by the League would cause difficulties, and these difficulties must occur more particularly with Great Britain, on whom the bulk of the work would probably fall.

Further, a war waged by the League, or, as some call it, a "public" war, is a purely anticipatory idea. The League has never waged it, and possesses no real organization for the purpose. This sort of war to be waged by the League may be in its motive a much better sort of war than a common or "private" war, but it can be premised that it is going to be a complicated sort of war, and it is just as well at first to consider the problem of interception apart from it.

* That is, Blockade in the new or wider sense of all forms of pressure, naval and economic.

It must be remembered, too, that the bedrock base of the right of interception is necessity (*rigor belli*). One is forced to do certain things by necessity. But no one is bound by necessity to go to war to stop other people fighting. They would not be fighting us, and if we were to stop supplies on their way to Utopia and Arcadia in order to make these two nations stop fighting, a nation outside the League might reasonably point out that we were not acting under the pressure of absolute necessity. This latter argument is not, perhaps, very formidable; but the above remarks will show that blockade or interception, or whatever one likes to call it, is an indispensable operation or adjunct of war. War arises out of rivalries; armaments are the symptoms and not the causes of rivalry, though they may possibly constitute a secondary cause by aggravating sentiments of the kind. The primary object of armaments is security. To say that armaments are the cause of war is to say that the police force is responsible for crime.

Enough has been said to show that the question, though not insoluble, is not an easy one to settle. It is perhaps possible to view the whole question of interception in the light of the Peace Treaty, and to discover some solution that will embrace: first, the necessity of peace; secondly, the necessity inherent in the nature of operations of war; and, thirdly, the requirements of neutral trade in time of war. The solution might be found in the certification of trade in time of war and by drawing a distinction between normal and war trade. But this would require a complete re-orientation of international law, and that is no small matter to undertake.

In any case, nothing is to be gained by the stratagem of seeking to abolish war by banning certain operations of war, such as blockade, or by attaching them to some particular form of " public " war.

Stratagem and contrivance are in themselves bad and constitute in themselves virulent sources of ill-feeling and strife. The fanatic, for peace or war, is himself the social germ of strife and war, for war is merely a particularly violent expression of strife.

Conservative Policy and the Constituencies

By Viscount Sandon

Now that our Socialist Government have had the long breathing space during which, so they stated, the plans for national salvation could be matured, Conservatives are perhaps better equipped for facing the problem that lies before them—the route to victory.

It is, of course, not impossible that " our land's long-suffering star " may hurl Conservatives back into power on the rebound from some desperate throw attempted by those who are now the " darlings " of the Press and the City. The time, nevertheless, is surely ripe for achieving something more heroic to stand as the cause of victory. But, if there is to be an inquisition, let it be made clear at once that the public orgy of " candour," in the endeavour to excuse, coming as it did from the pens and lips of many combatants, when the results were still hardly known, was not impressive and will certainly not conduce to reform. We learnt then why it is that politics are scorned by many; they reveal to the observer an ethical scale of behaviour well below the standard of the gentleman. It is commonly and justly said that adversity taps the best sources in mankind; with the politician this is not so. The outburst of 1923 had apparently to be repeated in 1929. Had victory been achieved, in spite of the same promises, bouquets would have been the order of the day. Many Conservatives bred in the tradition of the Public Schools seem in the atmosphere of public service to lay less than the healthy boy's store by loyalty, and it is in the hour of mischance —a carefully chosen word—that the response of this virtue should be most natural, beneficial—and vocal. This, of course, does not dispute the necessity for a careful, if domestic, scrutiny of causes and mistakes.

With some the key to failure lies in age versus youth; but catch-words are not safe words, and the war taught us all that great causes are our stars and that individuals count only in the contributions they can make towards

them; that is the standard of values for all people rather than the factor of "broken hearts."

But criticism is legitimate, mainly of things and policies. Perhaps some of these critics who are in such a hurry will say with what specific planks in the election platform of the party they now, *since our defeat*, find fault; or what omissions they regret; and perhaps, above all, of what items in our record of the past 5 years they are ashamed? These carpings seem to me undoubted bedfellows to the familiar and equally vague complaints as to "too much legislation nowadays," without the ability to point to specific Acts of Parliament held by the critics to be undesirable. But if the party's disease does not lie here, it does not mean that it is non-existent.

The Socialist Party, ever since they first came into being, have indisputably made strides in the public favour such as they have never before approached in their political career. Are we to assume that there is something so inherently sagacious about their policy that the prize of progress simply falls into their hands? Let us turn rather to the routine of the Socialist crusade. Here, indeed, we may find a key to their remarkable achievement. The Socialist candidate or the agitator, both paid and unpaid, in and out of season, day by day stands at his "street corner" or attends a meeting, where his subject is unmitigated politics. If he is a local Trade Unionist, the effect multiplies itself.

Contrast this with life in the Conservative, or even to a large extent in the Liberal, camp. Here the supporters and organization pin all their faith, in between election times, on the social side of affairs. There must be teas, garden parties, visits to bowling greens, flower shows, whist drives, dances, football matches, concerts, etc., to which the harassed Member is everlastingly being exhorted to come down, without any regard to the claims of his Parliamentary duties; and the trade mark is kept burnished by the visit, if possible, of a Front Bench "pundit" at a meeting, held annually in the principal hall in the town, or by a big garden fête in the summer, during which the candidate and the distinguished visitor may address supporters between

the ices and the bell for the "next race." To these two interloping political events may be added ward and polling district concerts, or "smokers," at which twenty minutes or so of politics may be tolerated, but it is not a very welcome intruder and usually requires to be well wrapped up.

In considering this picture of party tactics, we must realize that the attitude is not so foolish as it may appear. The issue really involved strikes at the root of our whole standpoint; it even affects State policy. What are we after? We are Conservatives, we may argue, and we have the support of so many million electors. But is that, in fact, true? Apart from Northern Ireland, the Universities and the City of London, and perhaps two or three other seats, can any candidate secure election as the nominee of Conservatism? Our Conservative supporters are rallied and elated and invigorated by the social amenities that have been sketched, and the association of the candidate with these is unquestionably the talisman for their support and loyalty. Hence, the local organizations, which themselves are rightly, but in any case inevitably, administered—both from the President down to the humblest ward committee-man or woman—by these same party stalwarts, "go nap" on this aspect as the gate of entry to Westminster. But has not election after election proved that it is the other voter who puts us in, and who also puts us out—the floating opinion so firmly established in history as "the pendulum"? How much more appealing must not the Socialist line of approach appear to all such! It is this other section for which Socialists so much more ably cater, for they know that this type of elector listens to the case that is put forward and is moved only by political argument. Day in and day out, politics pour into his ready ears from these Socialist platforms. If plausible misrepresentations cannot be dignified as education, it is none the less a fact that nothing which gets within miles of approaching such a designation can in any way compete with the flood of propaganda that comes from our opponents.

But to say that this "floating vote" thereby lapses by default to our opponents is an under-statement. Even

our own " true blues " cannot be trusted to hold to the faith under this procedure. Uninformed and credulous, they are particularly susceptible to the panic so easily spread by the whisper of the malignant. We all know the pitiful story of past efforts to import some sanity into our fiscal policy, but we have, perhaps, even a more striking illustration in the Local Government Act of this year and its twin, the Rating and Valuation Act of 1925. It is scarcely credible to anyone not closely concerned in the recent election campaign that the ignorance, or rather, one should say, false information, about these important legislative reforms should have proved so universal and profound, as it undoubtedly was, among recognized Conservative supporters. Time and again there was evidence that these people, often paying members of their local Association, either abstained or voted against the Government.

This danger was to a certain extent foreseen. Yet there was not only a general fear in many districts of the question being touched on and local pressure on Members or candidates to avoid such discussion—until the panic of the last three weeks reversed the direction—but even an accentuation of the policy of social and non-political approach at the very moment when a campaign of 100 per cent. educative instruction in explaining the intricacies of these and other issues would have been a godsend to the fortunes of the party. It is not just to blame Members; they can never be other than servants of the organization that selects them, and the Party Headquarters in Palace Chambers are equally impotent in the face of the local outlook.

Here is a tragedy indeed! Measures of incalculable benefit for social and industrial amelioration—or perhaps calculable during the subsequent term of office of the bitter opponents of both Acts!—afford nothing but discomfiture and embarrassment to the party that places them on the Statute Book. To take another instance, Conservative candidates learnt to their cost of the disastrous effects on their fortunes of the Pensions Act of 1925, in that certain people were quite justly excluded from its scope. Mr. Bernard Shaw, for all his Socialism, admitted only recently that, as a result of the

Conservative lack of success in window-dressing, nobody knew or cared about what he described as "quite a respectable record."

No new broom, in the London directorate of the Party, sweep he ne'er so clean, can cure this disease. The issue is solely one for the constituencies. Socialists rightly as well as wisely recognize that even today—and it will be far more so in the future—politics are of vital, however unwelcome, concern to every British citizen; they enter into every aspect of daily life. Inattention to them brings on him evils which he not only deserves, but which with a modicum of trouble to him or herself can be mitigated, if not avoided. Such trouble is morally due from him, as the minimum demand of citizenship in return for all the State does in these days for every individual. This premise, if accepted, does not afford scope for any mere amendment of machinery or change of personnel. It involves an absolute change of direction from one side to the other. If we are ill, we send for the doctor, and, although we naturally prefer a good bedside manner, it is the profession of medicine or surgery that we expect to be brought into action, not discussions on the excellence of the tea or the result of the 2.30. But, it may be retorted, life and death may be involved in this illustration. The Socialists hold just this view of politics, and of one thing we can be certain: if one party holds the monopoly of regarding its cause as a crusade, that party will equally have a monopoly in capturing the imagination of the electors.

If, however, the Socialist Party may teach us to emulate them in regard to some of their tactics, we must be quite decisive about the problem presented by the refusal of their Party undertakers to clear away the corpse of Liberalism. Many of those who took part in the election campaign learnt that this masquerade of a Party by the bad record, as big employers of labour, of many of its Cobdenite and Whiggish adherents, has been responsible for much of the growth of class hatred, which has reaped its product in the recent Socialist successes in the large industrial areas. What possible interest can Conservatives have in providing for Liberals

the stimulant of Electoral Reform, which for them is a question exclusively of avoiding submersion? The greater part of what we cherish, they despise: only lately they have spoken* in hot resentment against the development of our vast non-self-governing Colonial Empire, as a fundamental part of the Government's otherwise pitiable attempts to provide employment. Indeed, in this respect, the Socialists have shown themselves more far-seeing and courageous than the Treasury ever allowed the Conservative Government to be. It is only typical of Liberalism that they should single out this aspect for condemnation. Is it to these people that we are to throw even the dubious life-line of a fresh system for exercising the franchise? One amendment to the existing electoral law is certainly needed: the desirability of compulsory voting is clearly established, in that both civic duty demands it and—since our opponents are always, to their credit, keen enough to vote—almost the entire percentage of non-voters may safely be taken as our supporters. But it will be of no particular interest to Conservatives fundamentally to amend electoral laws as the Liberals desire, at least until the two-Party system is once more and finally re-established. This is the most pressing need in public life, both for practical reasons and for the enormous national advantage of the largely involuntary recruiting by Socialists of the Liberal personnel, which, acting as an insidious germ, may happily transform the whole Socialist Party at an early date. However natural and welcome this tendency is, one may agree with Mr. Lloyd George that its application in the circumstances, notorious in the brazen case of the new Attorney-General, goes far to explain why honour and sincerity are so often unfairly regarded as at best only secondary equipment in the armoury of the politician.

The Conservative Party have only to brace themselves to face such minor embarrassments as this may present in a few constituencies and insist as a matter of principle on always fighting every one of the 615 seats without any exception whatsoever, to secure the rich reward of a

* Sir Herbert Samuel, M.P., at Altrincham on October 3 at the Annual Conference of the Liberal Federation.

return to the two Party system and, above all, to effect a much-needed cleansing of electoral contests, a feat impossible so long as Liberals play any part.

Clear of this red-herring, no side-glance at that odd little band need deflect Conservatives from a close scrutiny of the Government's policy. There is no great danger of deception proceeding far in the domestic sphere; unemployment figures tell their tale, and we already have ample forebodings as to financial policy and the promised scrapping of by far the most tangible, practical and proved remedy for trade depression in the Safeguarding and analogous duties.

In all these directions, the battle will no doubt be waged remorselessly and not without effect. In the foreign field, however, the plausibility of Government policy appears to have carried conviction in the most unlikely quarters. This is a far more serious menace, since actions in this field have inevitably a degree of permanence happily not shared by domestic legislation.

Mr. MacDonald, buoyed up no doubt by the plaudits of all our Red-letter—if not saints, at least—idols of the different professions, has set out to cross the Atlantic and to incarnate a new Anglo-Saxon (?) Dominion, having for its basis (as our incomparable soldiers put it on their envelope flaps from the Front in the war) simply S.W.A.K. !*—a type of seal that we shall value better when the genuine Anglo-Saxon attributes are more world-wide than they are at present.

If all are to blame for this general atmosphere, when it comes to influencing public policy, the Government must be held solely responsible. Where, may we ask, do the material needs of our situation predominantly lie? What factor is the most potent both for physical safety and the routine of daily life? I would suggest, however unpalatable it may be, that geography, as it cannot be modified, is, or should be, the foundation-stone of all national policy. France: 24 miles. U.S.A.: nearly 3,000 miles. If this is too material for the ethereal detachment inculcated at a Geneva unfrequented by the representatives of the great North American

* Sealed with a kiss.

Republic, which of these links works more for peace? If peace is a policy for the practical man, and no one nowadays disputes this, the key to it lies in a Franco-German alliance, to use, for lack of a better word, a now unfashionable title. Of course, such a treaty, to which Belgium would necessarily be a partner and, no doubt, ourselves also, would have to be within the framework of the League of Nations. It may be countered that to secure an arrangement along these lines is merely to push at an open door, but the matter needs pressing farther than this. British foreign policy should be exclusively based on the needs consequent on the full fructification of such an outcome. All other aspects of our international relationships would have to adapt themselves as best they may to this axiom. Indeed, as an enlargement of this theory, more and more is it becoming clear that some form of "United States of Europe" must come into being if the old civilization is to compete with the new in commerce, and if peace is to be firmly established as a fixed principle of European life. Towards this ideal, France and Germany, the natural leaders, are working with a sincerity which should be backed by our goodwill and active support. Nothing is more short-sighted than to regard this proposal as hostile, or indeed in any way damaging, to the Imperial solidarity of all our sister nations, or to the vital needs of expanding trade within our own circle. Empire Free Trade—which means only what it says and not necessarily that everything, including food, need be taxed—can be created and may wisely be urged in the same breath as the plea for our partnership in a "U.S.E." We have everything to gain by a low and mutual scale in the tariffs of Europe, with a Free Empire Market functioning side by side, and with a third category in the scale of duties left over for commercial treaties outside Europe or the Empire.

But, in foreign affairs, Mr. MacDonald's guidance is regarded by some almost as infallible. Following contemporary comment, one might suppose we are ready almost blindly to pin our faith for steering the national course with foresight and discretion in these unusually difficult waters to a statesman who conveys by an avalanche of

high-falutin' phrases the impression that the problem at hand, whatever it may be, has been smothered by an endless flood of words. So inspired are these ebullitions that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald apparently can ride off—without any public notice being taken of them—with such remarks as that "he had *never* (my italics) hidden the fact that he was a patriot," a statement reported to have been made at a recent lunch in New York. One cannot fail to be impressed by his peculiar modesty. Some of us who have memories (unusual in Englishmen) will feel that he hid this vital qualification for a Prime Minister with remarkable efficiency during the war years. In no other country in the world would a claim based on such a record pass muster for one moment. It is interesting to note that a fitting epilogue followed shortly after in his return to England on the same boat as Canadian V.C.s coming over for the V.C. Dinner in London!

It may not be the task of a Conservative Opposition to press these points home, but it is a warning to the Party that plausibility is a very real factor in the Socialist equipment, and one which has to be relentlessly exposed. Are we, as things are, the material from which can be extracted the energy and alertness which alone can undertake this type of propaganda, not so much in Parliament as in the country? We may well have doubts, when we consider the implications of the burden of expenditure exacted from Conservative M.P.s and candidates by their constituents and local associations. The Cirencester division of Gloucestershire is a model to which all others should look in this respect, in that the electors there attach sufficient importance to their creed to shoulder, both at elections and in between times, the entire costs, which to so large an extent have usually to be borne by the standard-bearer of the faith. Canon Adderley had the following remarkable letter in the *Times** recently, which should be circulated to, and studied by, the members of every Conservative Association in the country:—

As one who belongs to the Labour Party, and having lived among "Labour people" more than half my life, I can explain partly why the other parties do not interest the working class. In the first place

* September 28.

nearly all the enthusiastic people have become so by belonging to the Labour Party. One very seldom meets a working man who is keen on Conservatism as a creed. On the other hand, the Labour men and women are always at work studying, attending classes, agitating, organizing social reunions, whether there is an impending election or not. It is not a case of Labour *versus* Conservatism. It is Labour *versus* an almost complete political apathy. When I used to visit a block of buildings in my last parish (a suburban one) I found that almost the only persons interested in any social question were those who called themselves " Labour."

The moral of this is that the Conservatives should get hold of a more positive creed for which they are ready to live or die. It is not enough to pursue the negative and almost silly policy of abusing " Socialism," whatever that exactly means. To many it appears to mean being like Russia, indulging in free love, burning down churches, and various practices which it makes one laugh to hear associated with the highly respectable Dissenters and others who now form the bulk of our Labour M.P.s. The working man knows by this time that this idea of Socialism, which may satisfy a few old Victorian ladies, is simply a figment of frightened brains. Yet it is put forward by a few paid Conservative speakers at street corners. Even some respectable Conservatives told us at one of the local elections that to vote Labour meant voting for Atheist day schools (not merely Sunday schools, be it marked). It is also necessary that the Conservatives who stand for religion should put forward something more spiritual than the cry of economy in the rates. I once tried to convert a lady to a more equitable view of the present Commissioner of Works. Beaten over his religion, she said triumphantly that anyhow he wanted to raise the rates.

If this account of the Party's characteristics can fairly be substantiated, it establishes the ethical title of Socialism to rule. Service to the State is a passion which can find no more honourable outlet than in Party activity; if the zest for this has passed into the exclusive hands of our opponents, if the consciousness of the fiery cross which kindles their flame is dead in the Conservative ranks and only excites our humour or scorn when it shines as a spiritual force in the Socialist pioneer, then Pitt, Disraeli, Chamberlain, and even Mr. Baldwin have lived almost in vain, and Toryism, being a body without a soul, can pass to that oblivion which awaits all of that family.

The answer lies with the rank and file in the constituencies.

Labour Policy

By C. M. Lewis

As on previous occasions, the chief plank in the Labour platform is the taxation of the employer for the benefit of the employed and of the rich for the benefit of the poor. And since in politics it is the immediate, the superficial, and the apparent which counts a great deal and the ultimate, the fundamental, and the real, hardly at all, little time is wasted in the constituencies upon speculating whether the Labour policy is capable of fulfilment. It is obvious that the rich can be taxed and that the proceeds can be distributed amongst the proletariat. In an electoral sense that is sufficient, and nothing more is required in proof of practicability. Yet it may be that taxation ultimately enables the capitalist to recoup his contributions to the Exchequer by charging more for his services and that, conversely, Labour loses more in wages than it gains in doles.

The doctrines of Disraeli and Young England were harmlessly imprisoned in a few novels and speeches during the lifetime of that skilful electioneerer. They began to be translated into Acts of Parliament some fifteen years after his death and, under the pressure of the growing strength of the Labour Party, thirty years of Socialism by instalments succeeded the Diamond Jubilee of 1897.

The Workmen's Compensation Act of 1897 was the first of a long series of statutes severely limiting, if not destroying, freedom of contract as between employer and employed. Successive Budgets steepened the scales of death duty, income tax and supertax to provide the finance of the social services. Both series of enactments were part and parcel of an attempt to redistribute more equally the national income. Can it be deduced from thirty years of practical experiment that the objects in view have, in fact, been attained? Have the rich thereby been impoverished and the poor enriched?

Taxation has been heavily increased, but the rate of interest on capital has risen in even greater proportion. Public spending has led to private extravagance. Saving has been penalized by taxation. Raids upon property

have contributed to a sense of insecurity, discouraging the instinct of thrift. Savings have not kept pace with requirements. The nation is the poorer. There are insufficient dwelling-houses, insufficient buildings and factories to meet the growth of population, insufficient capital available to modernize plant and keep it abreast of the equipment of competitors. And in consequence of high prices, real wages are little better than they were in 1897, in spite of the great improvement in technical knowledge, machinery and organization and in face of notable advances in other countries during the same time.

But capital, which was intended to bear the burden, can show a better return than ever. In January, 1897, $2\frac{3}{4}$ per cent. consols stood at $111\frac{1}{2}$, so that the rate of interest on £100 then invested was £2 9s. 3d. Deducting Income Tax at the current rate of 8d. in the pound, the investor received £2 7s. 7d. Today $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. consols stand at $54\frac{5}{8}$, with a gross yield of £4 11s. 5d. and a net yield of £3 13s. 2d. after deducting income tax at the rate of 4s. £100 invested in consols today produces a net income of £3 13s. 2d. as against £2 7s. 7d. in 1897, before the main attack upon capital had developed. The net yield shows an increase of 53 per cent. as between the two dates. Making full allowance for surtax and death duties, with their opportunities of evasion, there still remains a handsome margin of gain to the capitalist.

Similarly, Great Western Railway Debentures show a net yield, after deduction of income tax, which is $56\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. above the corresponding figure for 1897. An examination of the Stock Exchange quotations of other fixed interest stocks reveals a similar increase in the reward of capital. As for ordinary share capital, the combined dividends of 118 large companies increased nearly 100 per cent. between 1894 and 1923.

It is true that those fixed interest stocks which existed prior to 1898 submit to the full amount of tax deduction at the rate of 4s., but those issued later produced a progressively greater net yield owing to the fact that the rate of interest at the moment of subscription had risen so as to more than counterbalance the increase in the rate of tax. A Government issue made

at the present moment returns a net yield to the investor 50 per cent. in advance of 1897.

The objection that the cost of living has risen by the same or even a greater percentage and so deprived the capitalist of the advantage of higher rates of interest, has no real validity. There is no reason for believing that a depreciated monetary standard raises the prices of consumable articles only. On the contrary, it operates throughout the whole range of marketable commodities and raises the value of capital in all its forms. Property appreciates step by step with articles of consumption and the lower purchasing power of money has the same effect in raising the value of immovable capital as it has upon the cost of living.

The same assets of a trading company valued in 1929 will, on the average, show an increase in value over 1897 identical with the increase in the cost of living between the two dates. Land, plant, buildings, stock-in-trade and goodwill worth £100,000 in 1897 will, on the average, be worth at least £150,000 in 1929, and a 5 per cent. profit on £150,000 is half as much again as a 5 per cent. profit on £100,000. So, if the rate of interest had remained at a constant percentage throughout, the capitalist would have been fully compensated by increased money profits for the increased cost of living. But since the rate of interest has not remained constant but has risen 50 per cent., the increased rate represents an unqualified gain to the capitalist against which there is nothing in the cost of living to set off.

The capitalist has not suffered, but has gained, from the blows of his antagonists. He has easily recouped his taxes out of higher interest rates and, under the onslaught of income tax, surtax and death duties, has waxed fatter than ever. How can it be said that capital has been taxed when the effect of taxation has been to increase its net return? What has become of the spoils which were to have been distributed amongst the poor? If they exist at all, from what fund have they been drawn? Not, at least, from the wages of capital! On the contrary, Social Reform has clearly proved a happy combination of altruism and good business—for the capitalist as well as for the politician.

The cost of taxation, as well as of other political

interferences with industry, has actually been recouped out of the additional prices of commodities. Articles are more costly to buy by reason of the higher rate of interest and by reason of Parliamentary restrictions upon freedom of contract. The weight of the burden of Social Reform has accordingly fallen, not upon the incomes of the capitalists but upon the expenditure of the consumers —seven-eighths of whom, we are informed on good authority, belong to the working classes.

The direct and frontal attack upon capital in the past has had unexpected results. As frequently happens in politics, the effect has been the opposite of the one intended. The capitalist enemy has reacted to the blow and advanced his front all along the line. It is the attacking army which is in retreat, disorganized and broken by the weight of high prices and unemployment —a pitiful result of thirty years' campaigning and one disturbing to the reflective minds of the Labour captains. Nevertheless the outcome is one which might have been foreseen, and which, in fact, was inevitable from the beginning.

For value is proportionate to scarcity. Abundant capital means capital devaluated, low rates of interest, the lender at the mercy of the borrower—in short, labour dictating terms and capital in capitulation. But reverse the process. Tax capital, discourage savings and capital becomes scarce. Being scarce, it commands a scarcity value. Labour requires capital, must have it, and in larger and larger quantities. It must consequently pay the price of intensified demands upon a narrow, denuded and monopolized market.

While the rate of interest in Great Britain has been steadily rising, America has procured as steady a reduction. Compare the prices of British 3½ per cent. Conversion Loan and 4¼ per cent. United States Treasury Bonds (1935–47).

British 3½% Conv. Loan.			*United States 4¼% Treasury Bonds.*		
	Price.	*Yield.* %		*Price.*	*Yield at middle price.* %
Mid. 1923	80	4·375	Highest	100·04	4·29
			Lowest	98·04	
July 22, 1929	75	4·66		108	3·93

Since the formation of Mr. Baldwin's Government in 1923 the rate of interest on long-dated Government securities in Great Britain has risen from 4·375 per cent. to 4·66 per cent., while in the United States it has declined from 4·29 per cent. to 3·93 per cent. And the United States Government can borrow money today upon long dated security at a rate three-quarters of one per cent. lower than the British Government.

American Labour has discarded the frontal attack; it has even abandoned the attitude of hostility. Trans-atlantic methods are at once more subtle and more successful. Their policy may be paraphrased as follows. "We need capital. We recognize that under modern conditions capital is the principal producer of wealth. We will therefore co-operate with capital and utilize it to the full—but upon our own terms. We know that abundance brings cheapness—that air and water, because they are ubiquitous, command little or no commercial value. We believe that capital can be brought into the same category, or at least an approximation to it. We favour its accumulation because it is in our interest to do so. Taxation of capital in our country is being progressively reduced. We approve, because, so is the rate of interest. One is the corollary of the other. We confidently look forward to the time, not far distant, when we shall work in conjunction with capital accumulations still more colossal than at present and, at the same time, pay for that inestimable advantage a price so small as to be almost negligible in comparison. By facilitating that process we shall secure to ourselves the double gain of a larger proportion of a greatly increased national income. In the meantime we are satisfied with the improvement being made in our time. We are continually pressing forward and consolidating our advance, but not under the generalship either of Karl Marx or the Fabians. We have discovered something better. We no longer wage war upon capital. We believe in co-operation and maximum production."

Problems in Palestine

By T. Dughlas-MacDhomhnuill

THE present troubles in Palestine draw attention once again to the unsatisfactory state of affairs obtaining there since the war. It cannot be denied that at the outset some of the responsibility rests with Britain herself. At the close of the war both the Arabs and the Jews looked upon her as a personal friend and protector, and on the strength of certain undertakings, tacit or explicit, expected preferential treatment. Whatever critics may say by way of rationalizing Britain's dealings with both peoples during the war, and by way of showing her promises and undertakings to both as forming part of a definite policy and consistent attitude, the fact remains that the Jews for the most part expected something in the nature of a real " national home " in the sense of a country predominantly Jewish in which the Arab (so far as he came into the picture at all) would form a class subservient; while the Arab envisaged something in the nature of a revival of Arab civilization and dominance in the Near East and looked forward to the reappearance of a strong and united Arab nation. This was more or less how matters stood about the time of the occupation. Quite obviously it was an altogether impossible situation and one is not surprised to find the bulk of present-day opinion in Palestine (both Jewish and Arab) critical in the extreme of British administration and often frankly hostile. Whatever was really intended by the Balfour Declaration, it was interpreted in Palestine as meaning a great clearance of the Arabs from the land and the settlement in their places of hordes of Jewish immigrants. This was the first rude shock to Arab hopes and expectations, and was doubly galling in that the Arab had, under Turkish rule, been accustomed to look down upon and despise the Jew as a cowardly and effeminate individual, so much so in fact that a Moslem woman would often not trouble to veil before him. All sections of Arab opinion were thus antagonized at the outset. Later, when it

became obvious that the Jews had been expecting the impossible and that their "national home" could only in any case mean a national home shared with a preponderating Arab population, the Jews were disgusted at what they considered Britain's perfidy. They adopted a very critical attitude to British administration, which did not often, however, become actually hostile because they realized that that administration with all its faults was the only thing that stood between them and outbursts of massacre such as the Arabs have recently been attempting. Britain succeeded, therefore, at the very outset in antagonizing both sections of the population, because both considered they had been betrayed by her and that her promises to them had not been kept. It must be said on Britain's behalf that what the average Palestinian thought she had promised could not in any case have been fulfilled, being in the nature of the impossible. Just who was to blame for the misunderstanding is, in Palestine at least, a very vexed and at times a very noisy question.

It ought to be clearly understood here that the word "Arab" as applied to the native non-Jewish population of Palestine is a misnomer. The "Arab" of Palestine, both Moslem and Christian, is a mixture of all the races which have inhabited or passed through that land since the beginning of time. Apart altogether from the different Semitic stocks which have contributed to his heredity, there is a great deal of Indo-European blood in his veins. Fair hair and blue eyes are very common, and I have seen many "Arabs" who, divested of their distinctive attire, would have been taken for typical Teutons. This applies to a slightly greater degree to the Christians such as those of Nazareth and Bethlehem, but Moslems are quite common whose complexions and cranial proportions immediately suggest the European. Then among the lower strata of the population there is a considerable proportion of negroid types, the result of admixture with Africans. In other words the native population is only partly Arab and the word is a misnomer except in so far as all speak the Arabic language in some shape or form.

Again it ought to be clearly understood that Arab

opinion usually means the opinion of the comparatively small class of educated Arabs. The fellahin or workers on the land and the bedawin or nomads of the desert fringes, as also the poor tradesman class in the towns, cannot really be said to hold any opinions of their own upon current political developments. Such vague opinions as they have they receive from the small educated class who find their ignorance and gullibility very useful upon occasion. Ideas of Arab nationalism then are mostly held by this small educated class. But at the same time one should be doubtful of considering Arab nationalism as a predominantly idealist movement like some other post-war nationalisms. True it is that among those who desire a revival of Arab power and influence there are many idealists who look back with pride to the great past of their race and the cultures that sprang up and flourished round the shores of the Fertile Crescent and in Spain in the period immediately following the great age of conquest, and who look forward to another day when the Arabs will take their places again among the great peoples of the earth as leaders in cultural, artistic and scientific matters. But this is a vision granted to comparatively few. The bulk of the nationalists are drawn from the wealthy class, the old class-conscious aristocratic families for the most part, who draw their wealth from the land and who look back with regret to the golden age of Arab dominance and later of Turkish rule when their class was able, without let or hindrance, to exploit the labouring population and grow fat upon their toil. Naturally this party is the most vocal, controlling by their wealth the mouthpieces of opinion, and expressions of discontent with British administration coming from them usually mean in the last analysis little more than that British administration takes too much care of the rights of the fellah. Moreover, it was possible for these people, under Moslem rule, to act almost exactly as they pleased; a few bribes judiciously placed and graded according to the enormity of the offence would get one out of the worst of scrapes; and they find it galling to live under an administration which regards the fellah as of equal rights with themselves and which has almost

succeeded in clearing out bribery and corruption altogether.

So much for the state of affairs and opinion at the beginning of British administration. The next difficulty arose with the actual coming in of the Jews and their attempt to settle on the land. They succeeded in getting hold of most of the good agricultural land, such as the great central plain stretching south from the Sea of Galilee, without much difficulty. Much of the land was, at this time, in the hands of wealthy Moslem families, whose method of acquiring it had not been of the fairest. Very frequently, when the fellahin had got into difficulties through bad seasons or other causes, these wealthy families had come to their assistance with loans of money, and in return persuaded the fellahin to put their mark to documents as to the precise significance of which they were deceived. The fellah (who, of course, could not read) was led to believe that these were something in the nature of receipts for financial assistance rendered and entitling the lender to receive a certain amount per annum as interest on that loan. In fact he had put his mark to a document transferring the ownership of the land in return for the payment down of a certain sum, and his yearly payments were really rent. Of this the fellah had no notion, especially as the landowner in most cases never came near the land, preferring to live in one of the cities such as Beirut, and did not attempt to interfere with him or alter his antiquated methods of agriculture. When the Jews came in, they negotiated with these landowners and purchased the land from them—frequently at an enormous figure, for this was during the first fever of Zionist enthusiasm. The trouble began, of course, when the Jews proceeded to try to occupy the land they had purchased. The fellahin naturally enough resented being turned off the land which their ancestors had cultivated for untold generations and which they considered as inalienably theirs by every right of heredity and long occupation. But the law, of course, was on the side of the in-comers, and the fellah had to go—which he did in a state of extreme bewilderment and resentment at what he considered a piece of gross injustice. Naturally enough,

too, he laid the blame at the doors of the Jews and the Government, who plainly were in league together to deprive him of his rights and his only means of subsistence. Not infrequently he fell into the hands of unscrupulous lawyers who persuaded him that the title-deeds under which the land had changed hands were not incontestable, and long lawsuits began which often ended only when the hard-earned savings of the fellah were exhausted. The suits commonly arose out of the question as to how much was comprised in the transfer of "land." A great proportion—frequently the major portion—of the fellah's income was derived from his olive trees. A good olive tree would yield a profit of from £2 to £3 per annum, and the happy owner of a hundred olive trees was a comparatively wealthy man. A common cause of dispute was therefore whether under the deed of transfer the fellah, having lost his land, was or was not still entitled to collect the fruit of his trees, a question which was rendered the more complicated in that the title-deeds held by the Arabs had frequently not been drawn up with due regard to the legal formalities. Even when the fellah had left the land, therefore, clashes frequently occurred when he returned at the time of his harvest to collect the olives. Such questions as these contributed largely to the complete ruin of the fellah and to a state of affairs in which the legal profession became very remunerative and one particularly attractive to most ambitious young men in the absence of industry or any other profitable outlet for their energies. One can get an idea of this any day by looking at the crowds outside the law-courts in Jerusalem, Haifa, etc.—venerable bearded Arabs by the score squatting on their haunches and waiting with a truly Arabic resignation for their case to be called. But in the meantime the fellah was faced with the problem of earning a livelihood and feeding his wife or wives and probably numerous progeny; and anyone who has seen the barren rocks of Palestine can imagine how difficult a task that would be. In fact, large numbers were faced with a state of affairs under which it was almost impossible to obtain enough even for the small requirements of a poor Arab family. And this

being the case, and having a grievance against a society that had treated them so badly, it is not surprising that many took to the profession of highway robbery, from which the profits might be considerable, if the punishment was severe. This naturally meant more expenditure on police, which meant increased taxation with, of course, renewed protests from the wealthy classes against an expensive and wasteful administration.

While one must sympathize to some extent with the poor fellahin, one is forced to admit at the same time that the change from fellah to Jewish immigrant has been greatly for the better so far as the land and the country are concerned. Indeed it is impossible to withhold a certain amount of admiration from these Jewish settlers. Many of them have come from countries in eastern Europe where they have been accustomed to a great deal of cold, many are ex-students of European universities and practically all had previously been town-dwellers, and yet they have settled down to agricultural work in a hot country and for the most part made more or less a success of it. You may see them any day, say, on the road between Nazareth and Haifa —working out in the hot fields, men and women alike bare-armed and bare-legged and as likely as not bare-headed. Moreover, they have taken the business seriously, as one might judge from the pieces of the most up-to-date agricultural machinery one may see in use here and there. There can be no question whatever that the Jewish agricultural colonies have been of the utmost benefit to the land and to Palestine.

Having regard to the other attempts at Jewish settlement, however, one is forced to the conclusion that the Zionist movement had a singularly bad economic basis. The country is only about the size of Wales and except for a few comparatively small fertile plains is extremely barren. At the south it merges into desert and in the north rises into masses of rocky hills which can support nothing but a few herds of ragged-looking sheep and goats. At the close of the war the country was inhabited by about three-quarters of a million Arabs and a few thousand Jews, and the state of poverty and squalor in which large numbers of those lived would have led one

to the conclusion that the country had already reached the limit of population it could comfortably support, if indeed it was not already over-populated. There were no industries worth the name outside agriculture and the tourist, nor were the natural resources of the country such as to lead one to believe that any industries on a large scale could possibly be developed for a long time to come. It is difficult in face of these facts to understand how the thousands of Jewish immigrants expected to live. Possibly, like many of the tourists, they expected to find a land literally flowing with milk and honey. If they did, they assuredly received a rude shock when they arrived in the country. Thousands of people from all parts of the world flocked in and proceeded to build the new city of Tel Aviv outside Jaffa and the large new colonies in the cities of Jerusalem and Haifa. They were immediately faced with the problem of how to make a living, and in the absence of industry most of them found this very difficult. Many found it altogether impossible. The presence of large numbers of people of a European standard of living in a barren country almost mediæval in its backwardness obviously constituted a problem that could only have been successfully dealt with by an administration of magicians. The full seriousness of it did not at first appear because of the large sums of money that poured in from abroad, but when the first fever of Zionist enthusiasm began to die down and more difficulty was experienced in obtaining money, matters became much worse. There were many cases of families previously accustomed to a considerable degree of comfort and even of luxury whose resources were exhausted in the course of a few years and who were reduced to the status of the labouring classes. Many, seeing more clearly the facts of the situation, fled to America or elsewhere while they still had sufficient to do so, but too many realized the wisdom of this course too late. So bad, indeed, did matters become that it was possible to find graduates of European universities selling newspapers or blacking boots on the streets of Tel Aviv. (It is worthy of notice that the old families of Jews, natives of the country, were under no illusions as to how matters stood; and the desire of the new Jews

to enter Palestine was only equalled by the anxiety of the old Jews to leave it. In the course of some years' work in a college in Galilee many Jewish boys and young men passed through my hands and I cannot at this moment recollect one whose ambition it was not to leave the country, chiefly with Australia, South Africa and the U.S. as destination. Moreover, it was impossible for the Government, with the best will in the world, to find employment for the large numbers of Jews willing to work as labourers, there being already more than a sufficiency of Arab labour on the market and a just proportion having to be observed between them and the Jews. Yet the majority of the latter did not seem to realize that their evil case was mostly due to economic causes, and I have been present at performances of touring companies of players where the most applauded items were sketches depicting the troubles of the Jewish worker and throwing the entire blame for these upon the British administration.

At the same time it must be conceded to the critics of British government that this administration has all along tended to be unnecessarily prodigal in certain directions. There has been, for instance, a distinct tendency to overstock the personnel of most departments of Government service. For some time after the war the country swarmed with "governors" of different degrees of authority, most of whom were ex-army officers, Australians, etc., with no experience whatever of administrative work of this kind. But needless to say, although they had no experience and although their work consisted for the most part of very little, their salaries were in every case sufficiently generous. Take, for example, the case of Nazareth. For some time after the granting of the mandate this village, with a population of probably not more than ten thousand people, had no fewer than three British "governors" with salaries of about £1,200, £1,000 and £800 per annum respectively—and Nazareth was by no means an isolated case. No impartial observer, I think, would deny that such a type of government was unfair to the country and prejudicial to its initial chances of recovery from war-time disorganization. Matters have in this respect much improved in recent years, and there has been a consistent

tendency to cut down the British staff in most departments. But the irreducible minimum has not yet by any means been reached and there is still a number of well-paid officials up and down the country whose chief task it must be to discover of what their work consists; so, if for this reason alone, one cannot contend that criticism of the Government is entirely unjustified.

Then, again, there are places here and there which for special reasons are much worse off now than they were before the war. There is, for instance, the case of Safed, supposed by many to be the "city set on a hill, which cannot be hid." Safed lies in the extreme north of the country, only a few miles from the borders of Syria. Previous to the war the town enjoyed a considerable prosperity as being the natural market of the surrounding districts, and particularly of the comparatively rich district lying just to the north of it. In consequence, however, of the boundary's being placed just where it is and of the erection of customs barriers and other obstacles to free communication, Safed has been cut off from the chief source of its trade and retains only a fraction of its former prosperity. Situations like this certainly constitute a legitimate grievance, although the blame does not rest with the British administration as such, as the inhabitants are commonly given to supposing.

Perhaps the greatest problem of all, however, is presented by the racial and religious pride and prejudices of the different sections of the population. The old orthodox religious type of Jew, with his beard, black hat and long side-curls, who for the most part forms the small-artisan class in the towns, is usually a seedy, flat-chested individual of poor muscular development, and, apart from his periodical ceremonial purifications, not, as a rule, particularly clean. Thanks to his long and unfortunate history of persecution, he is frequently cowardly and unable to stand up for himself. He carries about with him, however, an abiding sense of injury and resentment, and by way of compensation an overweening pride in his ancient religion; and he hugs to his breast the feelings of supreme disdain which this allows him to entertain for the mere Gentile and the uncircumcised. This is probably why the Jew, even

more, perhaps, than any other, clings almost with ferocity to the smallest detail of his ceremonial religion—because that is the only thing he has got by way of compensation for his tremendous inferiority complex. Weak, flabby and flat-chested creature though he may be, touch him on some point of his faith and he becomes as immovable as Hermon and withal as stubborn and vicious as a mule. The new Jew, however, is usually an entirely different type of being. He has, in the first place, discarded the peculiar dress of his race. He wears no beard or side-curls and is often hatless. Moreover, having got rid of most of his inferiority complex, he does not find much use for the ceremonial of his religion and, indeed, frequently tends towards the atheistic in his belief. Hence he is, of course, looked upon with disapproval and disgust by his more orthodox co-religionists. Such feelings of inferiority as still cling to him come out in an arrogance and rudeness of manner which have come to be associated with the Jew. The new type of Jew, therefore, the immigrant, is more concerned with the Hebrew race than with the Jewish religion, but on the former point he is still apt to exhibit considerable touchiness.

The Moslem, on the other hand, has not experienced persecution. He is accustomed to regard his religion as the aristocrat of faiths, and has never been seriously challenged on this point on his own territory—not that it would matter much to him if he were challenged, for this is a matter which transcends argument and he would disdain to argue with a Christian dog or a miserable Hebrani, and probably curse the decadence of a day when he is no longer allowed simply to cut the throats of such unbelieving vermin. Having such supreme confidence in his unquestionable superiority, he can afford to be condescending, and hence the very charming and almost regal manners of many Moslems. But the recent outbreak has shown that these cannot be taken as a guarantee of friendliness, arising as they do, not from a respect for the other fellow's personality, but from a sense of lofty superiority. Indeed, it is hardly in the nature of things that the Moslem can make a good fellow-citizen with those of other faiths so long as he remains a good Moslem, for the very essence of his religion is an assertion of finality in

religious revelation and an injunction to kill the unbeliever. Looked at from this angle, British problems in Palestine are apt to seem insoluble. Then again, the poor fellahin, artisans and labourers, who form the greatest proportion of the population, are incredibly ignorant and superstitious. They are, moreover, fanatical and credulous in the extreme where their religion is concerned, and thus form willing and ready tools to the hand of the wealthy, café-lounging, effendi class when it pleases them to stir up strife. The poor Moslem is normally a pleasant, cheerful and contented being, but it requires only a touch on the right spot from a discerning hand to turn him into the elemental raging beast. The wealthy effendi knows this right well and can be depended upon to have no scruples in taking advantage of it for his own ends. I have no doubt whatever that much of the blame for the recent outbreaks of ferocity can be laid at their doors. The class which has been committing the actual atrocities is in itself incapable of anything like so prolonged and organized a rising.

The native Christians, for the most part belonging to the Greek church, are in a somewhat anomalous position. If British rule were to come to an end, they would inevitably suffer in the outbreak that would ensue. Yet they cannot form a permanent union with either of the two main sections of the community. They are, however, a more or less comfortable class, their subjection to the Moslems having driven them for the most part into trade, of which by the exercise of intelligence and frequently sharp practice they have made a comparative success. Their reputation for honesty is not very high and it is a commonplace that one can often trust a Moslem, occasionally a Jew, but never a Christian. That may somewhat overstate the case, but the fact remains that they are not much thought of as a rule except for what influence they may chance to possess. In any disturbance such as the present they naturally align themselves with the Moslems and, indeed, many of the most enthusiastic nationalists are Christians. What they could expect to gain from it one cannot imagine, unless they hope that their economic importance would guarantee them immunity from interference.

There is, finally, the problem of education. The type

of Westernized education introduced into the country does not seem to make for the best results. The mentality of the people, besides being Eastern, is almost mediæval and they do not seem to assimilate well the Western ideas with which they are suddenly brought in contact in the schools. This seems mainly to intensify their race-consciousness and pride of religion, whatever temporary friendliness or tolerance may spring up in schools where the different sections meet. Too often the youth comes out of school or college with his mind stocked with information learned parrot-fashion which he has failed to assimilate or correlate, and with that extreme arrogance and self-assertion peculiar to the semi-educated. His sole ambition then is to enter and adorn the café-lounging class and to discuss half-baked ideas of "freedom" with his fellow effendis. Manual labour his type of education has taught him to despise, but he is ripe for grasping any opportunity of using the labouring class to further ends not entirely clear to himself but towards which embarrassment of the present Government would seem to help him.

Whether the problems which any Government of Palestine has to face will ever prove susceptible of solution remains to be seen. Certainly not a few people qualified to judge are of the opinion that the barriers to a workable political unity are almost insurmountable. The tragedy is that much good work done in mission colleges in promoting friendliness between the different sections of the community will by the recent outbreak of lawlessness have been completely undone. We shall have to start afresh where we started in 1919.

War and the Man in the Street

By W. G. Carlton Hall

Of the electors of Great Britain and Northern Ireland to-day probably one fourth (and the proportion will increase as time goes on) have no clear recollection of any political or public affairs earlier than the outbreak of the Great War in 1914. They have been told, and honestly believe, that the Armistice marked the end of an epoch; that what is (quite wrongly) called the "institution of war" has been "outlawed" by the Kellogg Pact, and the Rule of Law substituted; and that the last danger of war will be removed if only the nations can be persuaded to disarm. To one who, though still short by a good many years of the qualification for an old-age pension, has taken a more or less intelligent interest in the affairs of his own and other countries for nearly forty years, and who (*pace* Mr. Kipling) "knows he has breath in his mouth, and thinks he has thought in his head," these ideas seem not merely false, but in the last degree dangerous. I therefore propose to attempt a survey of the attitude of the "man in the street" towards war in general during the time I can remember. Outwardly, that attitude has undergone a remarkable change; but *plus ça change, plus ça reste la même chose*. Though it may seem cynical to say so, it is, and always has been, "War is the business of soldiers and sailors; let them get on with it, provided it does not hurt civilians."

As a schoolboy and as an undergraduate I personally believed implicitly in Jingoism and in "one volunteer is worth ten pressed men"; and so, as it seemed to me, did everyone else. Then came the South African War; and with the exception of an almost negligible Pro-Boer Party the whole country seethed with indignation that Mr. Kruger, with a "handful of farmers" behind him, should have the impertinence to send an ultimatum to Queen Victoria. But the indignation was content to express itself outwardly by (again to quote Mr. Kipling) "killing Kruger with your mouth" and "dropping a shilling in a little tambourine for a gentleman in khaki, ordered South." It was not until the "handful of

farmers" proved unexpectedly tough that the British public was shaken out of its complacency, and realized that the number of our professional soldiers might be insufficient; whereupon they were supplemented by the Imperial Yeomanry, the C.I.V., and the Volunteer Companies attached to Line Battalions at the front. Still, the bulk of the civilian public were content to accord those who volunteered for these additional forces the wondering admiration due to heroic freaks; it is said that on the morning of the departure of the C.I.V. the band which played them to Nine Elms Station arrived there with two men marching behind it, the rest having been carried off by their friends to various public-houses, from which they were with some difficulty collected and entrained. Even when they returned to London about a year later the same very gallant corps were nearly killed by the excessive fervour of their welcome. The war did not touch the populace as a whole at all, except that the income tax actually rose for a short time to the appalling and unprecedented figure of one shilling and fourpence in the pound! In marked contrast to what happened a few years later, the pavements of the City, of which the feminine invasion had hardly begun, were daily at lunch time black with male humanity; and no stranger would have had any reason to suspect that the war was, as the hack journalists occasionally remarked, "straining the resources of the Empire to the breaking point."

But that there really was a strain could be detected if one looked below the surface. As an officer of Volunteers I put in three weeks in the summer of 1900 in an "emergency camp" at which all ranks received (for the first time) Army pay and allowances, together with a bounty of two pounds for not less than a fortnight's attendance, during which they had to fire a special course of musketry. The idea was that as the bulk of the Regular Army was on foreign service, the defence of this country against a possible invasion was to a large extent left to the Militia and Volunteers; and even an amateur soldier hardly dared to contemplate what would have happened to us if we had been pitted against a raiding force of picked German troops.

From that moment I, in common with many others, abandoned the "volunteer" fetish and became a convinced advocate of compulsory and universal military training and service. In 1903 the National Service League was formed under the presidency of the Duke of Wellington, who shortly afterwards retired in favour of Lord Roberts. But the League, while it advocated universal training, would have nothing to do with compulsory service except within the United Kingdom; this in deference presumably to the man in the street, who still would not realize that a war could possibly be his concern unless and until an enemy had actually set foot in the British Isles. In 1910 the present Attorney-General of Ceylon, Major L. H. Elphinstone, then Captain commanding the Cavalry Squadron of the Inns of Court O.T.C., joined me in trying to alter the official programme of the League in this respect; arguing that a soldier who could not be sent to any part of the world where his services might be needed was utterly useless. Yet so strong was public opinion on this point that the Committee sent for us and asked us to withdraw the proposal, as in the unlikely event of our being successful in carrying it Lord Roberts would feel himself compelled to resign! At the same time it was pointed out privately that *after* the outbreak of war there would probably be no difficulty in passing a short Act making all trained men liable for foreign service.

What the League proposed was one year's training for every male, not physically unfit, at the age of eighteen, with a subsequent liability to be called up for actual service in case of emergency. This would have meant in a very few years the formation of a trained reserve a million strong, and gradually increasing to two million or more still of military age. Had such a reserve been in existence in 1914 it is fair to suppose that Germany would have hesitated about taking it on; and that if she had taken the risk she would have been beaten in a short time, and at a comparatively small cost in lives and money. Many and varied arguments were used by the opponents of the scheme; but probably that which carried most weight was a statement by the War Office in 1909 that it would mean an increase in annual

expenditure of £8,000,000; the precise sum which the present Government, with the income tax more than four times what it was then, proposes to spend in giving pensions to widows who are in many cases in no urgent need of them.

The years 1909 to 1914 were full of political excitement; including the "militant" Women's Suffrage movement, a number of strikes in vital industries, the long Home Rule struggle, the death of King Edward, the passing of the Parliament Act 1911, the Curragh incident, and the formation of the Ulster Volunteers for the purpose of forcible resistance to any project of putting Ulster under the control of Southern Ireland. Germany was, not unnaturally, deceived into thinking that this country, apart from its military weakness, would be debarred by its domestic troubles from taking any part in a Continental war; and although the German Fleet was by no means ready to tackle the British Fleet unless it could effect a surprise, the German Government made the Serajevo murders, in June 1914, the excuse for a war on which they had definitely decided at least three months before. It seems reasonably certain that Germany had almost decided to declare war on France at the time of the Agadir incident in 1911, believing this country to be paralysed by a railway strike; and that the danger was only averted by the British Government putting pressure on the railway companies to make any concession to the strikers rather than allow the stoppage to continue for another day. There is said to have been a secret military reason which would have made a war at that date disastrous to this country; the German secret service can hardly have known of this, or the end of the strike would not have altered the German plans; but it is now public property that the German agents in this country confined themselves almost entirely to naval matters. Even so, when the war in fact came, in August 1914, we were in a better position than we had ever hoped to be. Either because they had been privately warned of Germany's intentions, or by an almost incredible stroke of luck, the Admiralty had given notice in March that instead of the customary naval manœuvres a practice

mobilization of the Fleet would take place in July; and in August the Fleet was ready for instant action, instead of allowing Germany a start of the three weeks necessary to bring reserve ships into full commission.

But while the naval situation, the German spies notwithstanding, was thus very favourable to us, the military position was less so. In the long controversy on compulsory training it had always been argued by the voluntary service side that any war must be preceded by a period of "diplomatic tension," during which the voluntarily-enlisted Territorial Force (formed in 1908 out of the existing Yeomanry and Volunteer Corps) could be embodied and tuned up; but in the event, as might have been expected, the Government could not have taken any step of the kind without precipitating immediate hostilities. The proclamation embodying the Territorials was not issued in time to take effect before the expiration of our ultimatum respecting the neutrality of Belgium. The Expeditionary Force was mobilized and dispatched with remarkable speed and smoothness; a few selected Territorial units were sent to France and to foreign garrisons; but no complete Territorial Division embarked for France until the end of February 1915. Second line Territorial Divisions were formed immediately on the declaration of war, but were used to furnish drafts for the first line divisions until the formation of third line units; and these second line divisions were still being sent overseas in February 1917. The formation of new Regular units, of men enlisted for the duration of the war, began in August 1914. Of these "New Armies" (popularly called "Kitchener's Army") the first division reached France in May 1915, and the last in June 1916. Compulsory service was not introduced until March 1916 for single men, and June 1916 for married; and even then "conscientious objection" was allowed. Under these conditions the war dragged on until the Germans made their last desperate effort in March 1918; it just fell short of being successful, and the tide then turned in favour of the Allies until the Armistice of November 11.

It can hardly be asserted, in face of the well-known facts here summarized, that we were prepared for war

in 1914; but the fact that the war came has been freely used as an argument to prove that the old maxim "*si vis pacem para bellum*" is a fallacy. It has become a political commonplace that armaments lead to war, whereas for over forty years the main factor which kept the Great Powers at peace was the size of their armies and the fear of the effect of the untried inventions with which they were equipped. The disarmament fallacy is even embodied in Art. 8 of the Covenant of the League of Nations; and for nine years the League has been vainly trying to find some means by which disarmament can be brought about. The Central Powers were theoretically disarmed by the Peace Treaties; we, whose military unpreparedness was, if not the actual cause of the late war, at any rate the principal cause of its long duration, have not only reduced our army to a lower figure than in 1914, but have taken the first step towards making a present of our vital naval supremacy to the United States. France is accused of "militarism" because she will not reduce her army below a size adequate to protect her against the enemy who has ravaged her territory twice within living memory. And in the same sacred cause of "disarmament and peace" we are being asked to agree to an arrangement under which the United States shall *increase* her navy until it is equal on paper to our own.

The theory that armaments lead to war is not new; it was commonly used, in a slightly different form, by the opponents of compulsory training, who said that we were trying to instil "militarist" ideas into the youth of the nation. But it is easily disproved. In 1866 Prussia, which had universal service, easily defeated Austria, which had not. Austria, which up till then had had a great military reputation, was not too proud to learn from her enemy, and also introduced universal service; and about forty years later, on a vacancy occurring in the post which would normally carry with it the command in chief of the Austrian Army in war, was forced to appoint an officer who had seen no active service at all. At that time the only Austrian officers who had ever been under fire were a few, quite junior in rank, who had been in China at the time of the Boxer

rising. "Militarism" in Austria meant unbroken peace from 1866 to 1914. But in 1870 France, which in the previous few years had rejected with derision the suggestion that she too should adopt the Prussian system, in turn found herself in opposition to Prussia; and the Paris mob shouted "A Berlin" with the enthusiasm of irresponsible ignorance. After the disastrous war which followed, France also adopted universal service in an even more uncompromising fashion than either Prussia or Austria; and also remained at peace, except for some unimportant colonial campaigns, until 1914. On the material side of "armaments" as distinct from training, one is met by the rather serious difficulty of determining exactly what the word means. The League of Nations lately found itself in urgent need of a definition, for the purpose of dealing with the kindred questions which it calls the "traffic in arms" and the "private manufacture of arms." After long consideration it decided that a satisfactory definition was impossible, but that its purpose might be served by an *enumeration* of specific articles which any such definition would have had to cover. The resulting list was long, and as nearly exhaustive as its compilers could make it; and it ended with swords, lances, and bayonets. From the standpoint of disarmament these three items are of little account, since any industrial nation could turn them out by the million in an emergency at very short notice; but with these three exceptions every item on the list was either an explosive or something dependent on explosives for its utility. It follows that if by any possibility, such as the discovery by an honest scientist of a "death ray" which really would blow up explosives from a distance, the use of explosives in war became impracticable, that fact in itself would constitute such a measure of disarmament as the most fanatical pacifist can hardly hope for; but lack of explosives did not prevent Alexander from leading his Macedonians to India, Hannibal from crossing the Alps to attack Rome, or the Romans, Danes, Saxons and Normans from successively invading these islands.

That such a demonstrable absurdity as that disarmament means peace should have obtained almost

universal acceptance to-day affords an interesting study in psychology. In pre-war days, as already noted, the average civilian looked on war as something which did not concern him; if by any mischance the country in which he lived should become a theatre of war (a possibility which most people in this country refused to regard seriously) it would be the duty of both the opposing forces to allow him to carry on his business without interference, provided only that he maintained a strictly "non-combatant" attitude. In support of this view he could point to the Declaration of St. Petersburg of 1868 (prohibiting the use of explosive bullets), of which the underlying principle was stated to be "that the only legitimate object which States should endeavour to accomplish during war is to weaken the military forces of the enemy" (a principle to which a necessary corollary would be that a nation with no military forces at all could not be attacked); and sundry later Conventions, of doubtful validity, providing that open or undefended towns must not be bombarded. At the same time he was not averse from seeing a professional army (provided it was not too expensive) ready to provide pageantry in time of peace, or to carry on those "little wars" in which it was found necessary from time to time to engage. He did not even distinguish very clearly between the two functions; I remember reading, many years ago, a sentence in a newspaper to the effect that "war, stripped of its gay uniforms and fluttering pennons, would be a sadly squalid and miserable affair." And dramatists and novelists, to say nothing of historians, made a point of depicting only the heroic and glorous side of war; not the filth, suffering, and (until very lately) disease which are equally inseparable from it.

Then came 1914. There was a sudden rush to arms, too rapid to be easily dealt with; then the "baby-killers of Scarborough" and the Zeppelins became very efficient recruiting agents; and finally the Military Service Acts roped in all able-bodied males except "conscientious objectors" and those who could convince the tribunals that in their civil capacities they were indispensable. But even those who stayed at home,

unless they happened to reside in very favoured districts, suffered from periodical air raids and an uncomfortable shortage of the necessaries of life; and it was soon borne in upon everyone that war was very far from being the exclusive business of professional soldiers; in fact, many, with the courage born of that little knowledge which is proverbially dangerous, asserted roundly that they could finish off the war with the greatest ease if only the professional soldiers would get out of the way and let them get on with it. Others, infected with the germ of "Red" internationalism, wanted an agreement by which the rank and file on both sides should simultaneously walk out of the trenches and go home; though the only advocate of this scheme whom I personally met found it difficult to say with whom he proposed to negotiate such an agreement, or what guarantee he would have that that person could or would deliver the goods. At the same time some millions of men were discovering that while the "gay uniforms and fluttering pennons" had long since disappeared from real fighting under pressure of the urgent need of self-preservation, the misery and squalor of which they had only heard vague rumours were very real indeed.

At the end of the war the men who had honestly done their bit were excusably fed up. The characteristically English disinclination to hit a man when he is down was shamelessly exploited by those, both of our own countrymen and foreigners, who are always the friends of the King's enemies; and the utmost care was taken at the Peace Conference to take as little as possible from our late enemies and to give as little as possible to us, that all might be convinced that victory was as ruinous as defeat. The fed-up fighting men were induced to accept this as inevitable; and each successive complaint from Germany that she was unable to meet her treaty obligations was used to cut down "reparations" (for some reason it is less sinful to accept "reparations" than an indemnity) still further, although Mr. Snowden lately attained a cheap popularity by insisting that France should bear a larger share than before of the burden of being kind to Germany. By this means the average man has been got into a mood

of "was it worth it?" and is only too ready to swallow without question any sort of quack prescription for avoiding war in future; and the treatment continually offered to him to-day is embodied in the parrot-cry, invented at Geneva, "Arbitration, Security, Disarmament." His elected representatives have this year agreed to the compulsory arbitration of a limited class of international disputes by a Court which has no power to enforce its judgments; before that he had been made responsible for securing the peace of Western Europe by an undertaking to make war on an "aggressor" State; and he is in process of being deprived of that naval superiority which alone could enable him to discharge that responsibility, except by the kind permission of the United States, which has undertaken no corresponding obligation. Added to this he is being told that it took more real courage to be a conscientious objector than to fight, and at the same time being deliberately dieted on books and plays which do not merely go to the opposite extreme from pre-war literature in emphasizing the horrors of war, but actually seem to deny its redeeming qualities of heroism and sacrifice. The question whether the most successful play of this type, *Journey's End*, does or does not make this denial, has been much discussed elsewhere; but this question apart, I believe (perhaps wrongly) that Mr. Sherriff has been at pains to impress on the rising generation two quite false ideas: one, that the Germans were at once paragons of chivalry and incapable of a tactical error; the other, that our staff officers were blundering homicidal maniacs. The incidents which to me suggest these ideas are doubtless founded on fact, but they were certainly not typical; and coupled with the fantastic, if unoriginal, imaginings set forth in a newspaper article which Mr. Sherriff wrote for Armistice Day, they are well calculated to develop in our young men of the future the temperament he portrays in *Lieut. Hibbert.* And finally the pacifists use the contradictory arguments that (*a*) war *must* be stopped, because modern inventions tend to make it more deadly for civilians than for the fighting men, and that (*b*) the way to stop it is by "disarmament" to remove that very danger to civilians which is at

once their ostensible reason for dreading war and, in fact, the factor most likely to prevent it.

It is fairly evident that the energetic campaign in favour of the pacifist fallacy must have a definite motive; and without in any way seeking to imply that there are not a great many who help to spread the fallacy in all innocence, and in the full belief that they are serving the world in general and, incidentally, their own country, I venture to suggest what that motive is.

At the Peace Conference France, as the greatest sufferer by the war, sought to disarm her old enemy Germany. Conscious of her fiasco in 1808, when her attempts to disarm Prussia led directly to the creation of the German Army as it was in 1870 and 1914, she secured a paper limitation of the German Army to 100,000 men, voluntarily recruited for long service; hoping thereby to prevent the building up of a trained reserve of the whole German nation. But the actual result is that Germany now has a highly trained nucleus of potential officers and N.C.O.'s, which could be expanded into a national army in a few months at the outside. Germany, following her accustomed methods, is now working for a limitation of the French Army which would leave her relatively as strong as, or stronger than, in 1914. If she gains her point, she will be in a better strategic position than ever; should she attack France again, she will be free of the Franco-Russian alliance; and we, having handed over the command of the sea to America, shall be unable to prevent American supplies reaching Germany. Our Expeditionary Force has been cut down to the vanishing point, and the Territorial Army, though better in many respects than in 1914, is numerically weaker, and less than ever fitted to undertake the quick expansion which would be called for on mobilization. Helpless alike on land and at sea, we shall be compelled to wait (incidentally disregarding our Locarno obligations) until Germany (and possibly Austria) has overcome France (and possibly Italy), and is prepared to do with us what she vainly hoped to do in 1914.

The Rhineland and Locarno*

By Major E. W. Polson Newman

For many weeks now the Admiralty Pier at Dover has witnessed the return of British regiments from the Rhine. Among others, the 2nd Battalion, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, has returned to England for the first time since the Retreat from Mons. As the troopships come alongside, and the men disembark with their packs on their backs and their kitbags in their hands, one finds it hard fully to realize what an immense influence this movement of troops must have on the future of Europe The British evacuation of the Rhineland opens up a new era in the relationships between Germany and her former enemies, and removes the first obstacle to a real Locarno. It is sincerely to be hoped that the remaining obstacles, the most important of which is the French evacuation, will be removed in rapid succession.

Of all the attempts that have been made since 1918 to ensure a peaceful Europe, Locarno is the only measure which provides any tangible guarantees for the future. The Locarno Treaties are based on reality and provide definite military commitments on the part of the guarantor Powers. While other attempts to eliminate the possibilities of war in Europe rest chiefly on sentiment and public opinion of the moment, Locarno has behind it the material power of modern armies. It is, therefore, a solid foundation on which to build. But, if the full value of this Pact is to be realized, its policy must not be confined to times of emergency; it should also animate the peaceful relations of the signatory Powers towards one another. Locarno must become an integral part of European political life, and the achievement of this end lies largely with Great Britain. British initiative, as shown

* It is often contended that there is nothing in the Locarno Treaties that is not already embodied in the League Covenant. Although theoretically this may be to some extent true, the guarantees of Locarno are definite and precise, and therefore more difficult to evade than the generalities of the League Covenant.

in the evacuation of the Rhineland, must lead the way towards a real Locarno.

In these comparatively early post-war days, Europe is living in an atmosphere of political artificiality and false values, in which Locarno stands out as the only solid and statesmanlike guarantee of peace. There are important elements working for peace in a practical and far-sighted manner, but they are almost overwhelmed by a voluminous mass of international nonsense, arising out of the preachings of doctrinaire professors and the uninterrupted gabblings of irresponsible peace societies. The number of these latter bodies is legion, but the result of their endeavours is merely to hamper, if not to destroy, the sincere efforts of experts who know the subject with which they are dealing. All voice their notions in a multitude of conferences which lead to nothing; even sensible men and women pin their faith to ideals inconsistent with human nature; and there exists a form of "sloppy" internationalism, blind to the material interests of nations which are the only foundations of a lasting peace. There is, indeed, a form of internationalism which professes to further the interests of peace, but is in reality playing into the hands of Moscow. Communism seeks the abolition of all national sentiments, and there is no more favourable condition for the dissemination of political evil than amongst people who cling loosely to their nationality. But there is yet another aspect which is even more detrimental to the interests of peace. Many of the so-called pacifist societies are definitely working under the orders of Moscow, and are exploiting genuine international peace efforts in order to spread Communism under the camouflage of international friendship. It is necessary to distinguish between the true and the false, and to remember that there are few forms of internationalism in Europe that can really stand the light of day. Nor is it desirable that the peoples of Europe should lose their national characters and become merged into one mass population. It is the individuality of the nations that has made Europe what she is today, and nationalism is one of the most cherished possessions of the human race. Any attempt to destroy this would be to invite

a serious calamity to Western civilization. Many of the pacifist societies do all they can to stamp out national patriotism, and thereby prove that a common-sense peace is not their ambition. Only loyal Englishmen, patriotic Frenchmen, true Germans, and Italians who love their country can produce a Europe that is held together by the mutual interests of them all.

It is easy to say " I will never do it again " and even to be sincere in one's intention, but conditions change and the crime is repeated; but, if the certain consequences of " doing it again " continually stare one in the face, repetition is much less likely. Hence, those who are really working for peace should see to it that Locarno is developed to the fullest extent of reality. Peace can only be secured through strictly practical channels, and when it has become the greatest material interest of all nations, collectively as well as individually. All should, therefore, work for the harmonizing of individual interests, so that nations may prosper to the benefit, and not at the expense, of their neighbours. When the time comes that the prosperity of each nation is welcomed by all Europe, peace may be regarded as in sight, but not before.

Much has been said in recent years about the " New Europe " the " New Diplomacy," and the " New Order of Things "; but what is the essence of all this novelty that is supposed to have invaded the world since the Great War? A great catastrophe undoubtedly makes its impression on nations and people, but it does not change their whole nature. The war has brought about a change in methods, but the principles of diplomacy and politics remain the same. Europe has changed her shape, but she is still the same Europe and may quite possibly regain her old shape. It is utter nonsense to imagine that the natural post-war desire for peace will override differences of material interest between nations. The old order of things still remains with us, with the only difference that it is enshrouded in an artificial casing of idealistic dreams which will remain dreams until they vanish into thin air. Although for some this may be an unpalatable mouthful to swallow, it is a fact, and it is only facts that provide useful and profit-

able guides in efforts to bring about European consolidation. Of these facts perhaps the most striking is that Russia is one of the greatest obstacles to peace today, and that Germany is being forced to seek her friendship. I do not believe that Germany's Russian policy is that of her own choosing. It has been forced upon her by the manner in which Great Britain and France have practically left her out of the Locarno policy, concentrating their attention almost exclusively on safeguards for France and Franco-British co-operation, and by her present position in Eastern Europe. Indeed, there are many circumstances which point to the fact that Germany is at present in doubt whether to throw in her hand with Russia or to go with the Western Powers. She would naturally prefer the latter, but is doubtful whether she can obtain British friendship, which is the great determining factor. The British Government have it in their power to draw Germany away from Russia by offering her something more attractive, and this could be done by introducing reality into our Locarno policy with regard to Germany, and by trying to bring Anglo-German relations as much as possible into line with Anglo-French relations. Britain can also do much to improve the position between Germany and France.

Germany was before the war the most powerful continental nation, and there is every reason to anticipate that she will regain that position in the not very distant future. Are we going to stand aside and watch the formation of a Russo-German combination, combining the energy, organization, and enterprise of the Teuton with the revolutionary ideas of the Soviet? To permit such a possibility—not of German choice—would be an unforgivable crime, not only against Germany, but against the whole world. But the possibility stares us in the face. Germany belongs to the West, and it is the bounden duty of every civilized nation of Europe to see that she is not deprived of her western birthright. The way is clear. France is not in a position to make the first move towards bringing Germany within the order of Locarno; it, therefore, rests with Britain, and if the present Government can " set the ball rolling " in this direction, they will earn the respect of all parties in this country, the gratitude

of the greater proportion of the German people, and the profound thanks of all the Baltic countries. If, on the other hand, things are allowed to drift until it is too late, we may rest assured that sooner or later there will be another war, more devastating and more far-reaching in its evil effects than that which we have recently experienced.

The first step towards the consummation of Locarno is the evacuation of the Rhineland and the Government have been wise to take the lead in this matter. With British and Belgian troops cleared out of the Rhineland, it would be difficult for France to remain without prejudicing herself in the eyes of those who are really working for a peaceful settlement. The military occupation has been the greatest obstacle to the progress of Western Europe on peaceful lines, and the gateway of Locarno is to be found at the bridgeheads of the Rhine. Indeed, it cannot be said that the war period has really come to an end until the last Allied soldier has left German soil. Then, and only then, will Europe be able to return to normal conditions of peace, and will it be possible to establish normal friendly relations between Germany and her late enemies. As long as the Rhineland occupation continued, Locarno remained a farce. Germany could not be expected to have any confidence in Britain's military obligations under the Locarno Treaty, as long as British troops remained on German territory in partnership with those of France, her possible aggressor.

Although an Anglo-German *rapprochement* is by no means capable of early attainment, a policy directed towards this end would do much to improve things all round. It would improve the prospect of reaching a position in which London had ties of friendship with Berlin similar to those with Paris; it would tend to bring together the three great Powers, Great Britain, France, and Germany, as a solid nucleus of European stability founded on mutual interests; and it would introduce British influence as a beneficial factor in the settlement of Eastern Europe. If the Locarno policy is going to succeed, it is essential that Anglo-German relations should eventually become as good as Anglo-French

relations, but it must be remembered that France's full participation in the final settlement of Europe is a fundamental necessity. Franco-German relations, which complete the Locarno triangle, are a difficult proposition owing to the close proximity of these two military powers, and because of the fundamental differences in their national characters. Yet, there is good reason to hope that economic interests will gradually bring them closer together, and that British policy may help to speed things up.

One of the most hopeful signs for the future of Anglo-German relations lies in the return to Oxford of the German Rhodes scholars. Oxford has a lasting influence on all who pass through her quadrangles, and the atmosphere of this great University produces a breadth of view which is of constant value to those whose work lies in dealing with the affairs of nations. The German Foreign Office and diplomatic service each have several Rhodes scholars on their list, doing work of international importance which is greatly facilitated by the experience gained in their respective colleges. They have learned to understand the British character and mentality in a way which is denied to most foreigners. They have seen British youth at the time of life when character is formed. They have shared the successes and failures of their fellow-undergraduates. They have gained a unique insight into our national merits and shortcomings. I have renewed my old friendships with several of these Rhodes scholars in Germany within the last year, and I found them quite unchanged. Although they had not seen Oxford or England for many years, and some had almost forgotten the English language, they were still Oxford men in every sense of the word. The return of the Germans will prove of immense value to an improvement in relations between their country and ours, and it is hoped that it will be found possible to increase their numbers, and that the work begun in the colleges of Oxford will be continued in the *Auswärtiges Amt* in Berlin and at the German Embassy in London. Yet, a *rapprochement* with Germany cannot be brought about without overcoming serious obstacles involving political decisions of the greatest importance.

Meanwhile, the results of the Hague Conference hold out every hope that a new era is at hand in the position of Germany *vis-à-vis* her late enemies. The evacuation of the Rhineland is now definitely fixed, the Young Plan is taking practical shape, and the way will soon be clear for the realization of Locarno. Germany will soon regain her sovereignty over the Rhineland, and she knows the extent and conditions of her financial obligations. As much of this is due to the efforts of the British Government, the moment is opportune for the opening of a policy of Anglo-German friendship. The attitude of the British delegation to the Hague Conference has clearly shown that Britain will henceforth pursue a definite peace policy in Europe, and will no longer be at the beck and call of our good friends across the Channel. But to imagine, as some French politicians seem to do, that for this reason the *Entente Cordiale* is dead, is a profound mistake. The *Entente Cordiale* is as real to-day as it was in the days of King Edward or in the strenuous days of the Great War, and the fact that we can afford to be friendly with Germany as well merely goes to prove the strength of our friendship with France. Great Britain and France must work together, as it is in the vital interests of both Powers to do so. We are not only neighbours in the Channel, but in the Mediterranean, in the Red Sea, in the Mandated Territories East of the Mediterranean, in Africa, and in India. The world interests of Great Britain and France are intimately bound up in the close European relations of the two countries. There is no reason why British friendship with Germany should impair that friendship with France, unless we hold to the idea that all national friendships are directed against a third party and that nations can only prosper at the expense of others. If this idea is to be dispelled, it is for Great Britain and France to lead the way. Under modern economic conditions Europe must sooner or later be regarded as an economic whole, in which the interests of one nation depend to a great extent on the prosperity of its neighbours and the co-operation of Europe's component parts. Although it may be difficult at the moment for the French to see where their true interests lie in this matter, it is

beyond question that in the long run Anglo-German friendship would be beneficial to France. As soon as France feels herself secure and is able to breathe more freely, she will gradually drop her national sense of fear, and she will realize that a combination of Great Britain, France, and Germany, working together in the interests of the whole and of each in turn, would be an untold blessing to the politics and economics of all concerned.

Meanwhile, the British troops are busy "packing up" on the Rhine, the French "Tricolour" has been hauled down at the German fortress of Ehrenbreitstein, and the French have undertaken to complete their evacuation by the end of June, 1930. The question of control of the Rhineland after the evacuation has been settled to the satisfaction of Germany. The Saar is all that remains, and there are indications that agreement will soon be reached on this question. Great Britain has taken the lead in the final removal of this great obstacle to European stability. On March 19 of this year, Herr Scheidemann, the veteran deputy who in 1918 proclaimed the German Republic from the steps of the Reichstag, wrote to me as follows:—"We are sure that the great problems of peace will be settled, not against, but in co-operation with, England, and they must be settled. We are not separated by political differences of opinion. We all have the same aim of rebuilding Europe and the peace of the world, an aim which we can only attain if England, France, and Germany join in the effort. Mr. MacDonald has shown us a programme of peaceful co-operation, and has thus obtained the support of all parties." Mr. MacDonald can do what would have been difficult for Sir Austen Chamberlain. While the former Foreign Secretary consolidated our position with France, it rests with his successor to complete the work of Locarno by applying himself to our relations with Germany, and the omens are at present distinctly favourable.

Reform of the Adulteration Laws

By Wm. Marshall Freeman

MUCH has been said and written about legal jargon, and one of the most frequent complaints made against the laws of England is that they are often so curiously worded that nobody but a lawyer can make out what particular clauses or sections mean. This is not by any means an unmerited complaint; indeed the very Courts themselves are often at variance as to how phrases should be read, and many decisions have been given from time to time so far from being what lawyers can agree to accept as final that fresh legislation has had to be passed to put matters right.

Now this sort of thing has been growing steadily worse of late years. We are not only suffering from too much legislation; we are having to endure new forms and methods of legislation which seem to be designed not to simplify the law so that the average citizen can know what is required of him, but to make it more and more difficult for him to discover what his duties are, however much he may wish to find out and obey. *Ignorantia legis non excusat* is a fine old saying and wholesome withal; but when our draftsmen set themselves to add to the complexities of a new or amending statute by using the device of cross-references in the manner and to the extent that have recently become the vogue, one is sometimes tempted to enquire whether it is not of malice aforethought—whether there is not behind it all some ulterior official motive. There are those who think that the time has arrived when the obscure wording of material sections should avail as a valid defence to all charges involving technical breaches of any statute. There are others who demand—with perhaps greater force of reason—that the House of Commons should refuse to pass any measure which does not of itself convey in plain and simple language what is permitted and what is forbidden in the particular matter in question.

REFORM OF THE ADULTERATION LAWS

The highly-organised social and commercial conditions of the present day of course demand something more elaborate than the simple four-word statute of Mount Sinai. But if those responsible for framing what we know as the Adulteration Laws had begun with the plain "thou shalt not adulterate," and had then by a simple process of expansion defined "adulteration" and laid down the limits to which the law forbidding it applied, *e.g.*, food and drugs for mankind and animals, fertilisers of the soil, disinfectants and so on, we should by this time in all probability have attained to a much more satisfactory state of affairs than has been gained for us by the tedious and elaborate processes of the Sale of Food and Drugs Acts—not to speak of the injustice which the enforcement of those Acts has notoriously inflicted upon thousands of honest trading folk. What is more: we should not now have been in the humiliating position of having to learn from the youthful legislatures of our own Dominions how to deal with adulteration on simple and effective lines without injustice to any trader, wholesale or retail. In this matter we have deliberately turned our backs upon the much-vaunted principle of English justice, that it is better a dozen guilty men should escape than that one innocent should be convicted; for it is no exaggeration whatever to say that the course of procedure followed during the last fifty years in the enforcement of these statutes has meant that for every guilty person brought to justice a dozen innocent persons have been either wrongfully convicted altogether or unduly punished out of all proportion to the reality of their offence. It is high time things were altered.

Everyone will agree that a pure food supply is of the first importance to the well-being of the nation. To ensure that supply, so far as it can be ensured by legislation, three things are essential. The public must know what they are entitled to demand as of right; the distributor must know what his duties and liabilities are; and the punishment for deliberate adulteration must be effective. At present the public know next to nothing about how to protect themselves; the distributor has almost ceased to try to understand the complex

and confusing maze of statutes and regulations affecting him; yet adulteration and profiteering were never more rampant since the law first began to take notice of them, despite the daily reports of prosecutions and convictions served up for the edification of the public as an assurance of the active and intelligent work that is being done for their protection by the great army of analysts, inspectors, and prosecutors employed for that purpose. The remedy lies in *standardisation* of all important articles of food and of drugs. The public then would know what they are entitled to receive, the vendor what he must supply. If the vendor chooses to offer a substitute, let him sell it, provided he does not call it by the name of the genuine article or by any name which leads the purchaser to believe that he is obtaining the genuine article. Our legislators seem quite unable to deal with the matter on these lines, yet Canada, South Africa, and Australia are doing so. Here in England we pass one Act after another and each adds to the complication, whilst every fresh article that forms the subject of legal proceedings seems to necessitate the stating of a case for the opinion of the High Court. Our colonial brethren arm themselves with one good comprehensive statute applicable to all commodities alike, with schedules of standards that place the composition of every article beyond dispute once and for all.

Let us take a simple illustration of the sort of thing that is going on. There was an Act passed in May of the present year termed the "Artificial Cream Act, 1929." Its object was to meet the outcry raised by milk producers who supplied cream to the public when official Regulations were made in 1927 which practically made the sale of cream for culinary and table purposes no longer possible. (It should be observed that in 1928, whilst this outcry was at its height, the whole law relating to the sale of food and drugs was reviewed and consolidated. No sooner had that been done than this Artificial Cream Act was launched, and with it was introduced an entirely new legal principle—as we shall see presently.) The Act contains definitions of "cream" and "artificial cream." Here they are:—

"Cream" means that portion of natural milk rich in milk fat which has been separated by skimming or otherwise.

"Artificial cream" means an article of food resembling cream and containing NO ingredient which is NOT derived from milk except water or any ingredient or material which by virtue of the proviso to subsection (2) of section two of the Food and Drugs (Adulteration) Act, 1928, may lawfully be contained in an article sold as cream.

The dairyman, then, who wants to know what "artificial" cream is must first procure a copy of the Act of 1928. There he will find subsection (2) of section 2 and its proviso :—

2. No person shall sell to the prejudice of the purchaser any article of food or any drug which is not of the nature, or not of the substance, or not of the quality, of the article demanded by the purchaser.

3. . . . . .

Provided that an offence under this section shall not be deemed to have been committed . . . where any ingredient or material not injurious to health has been added to the article of food or drug because it is required for the production or preparation thereof as an article of commerce in a state fit for carriage or consumption, and not fraudulently to increase the bulk, weight, or measure of the article of food or drug, or to conceal the inferior quality thereof.

Next he will need to obtain a copy of the Public Health (Preservatives, &c. in Food) Regulations, 1925. If he relies upon these, he may land himself in trouble for they have been amended in some particulars by Public Health (Preservatives, &c. in Food) *Amendment* Regulations, 1927, and again ditto ditto, 1928. He will also be well-advised to read section 3 of the Artificial Cream Act, 1929, and note it well—

3. Such of the provisions of the Public Health Acts, 1875 to 1926 (or in London, the Public Health (London) Acts, 1891 to 1926), and the Milk and Dairies (Consolidation) Act, 1915, and of any order or regulation made under any of those Acts, as relate to cream (other than those relating to registration) shall apply to artificial cream.

By this time he may well be on the road to discover what "artificial cream" really is. In the course of these researches he will probably have come across one Regulation which says that

No person shall sell cream which contains any thickening substance, and again—

No person shall sell any article recommended for use as a thickening substance for cream . . .

He may even, amid the chaos of "Regulations," discover that there is actually a definition of what is meant by a "thickening substance"—so meticulous are our departmental officials in regard to the exercise of those legislative functions which Parliament has seen fit to entrust them with:—

> "Thickening substance" means sucrate of lime, gelatine, starch paste or *any other substance* (SIC) *which when added to cream is capable of increasing its viscosity.*

"but," strange as it may seem, "does not include cane or beet sugar"! So it is to be understood that cream may be thickened to any extent by adding finely powdered cane sugar to it, but not by adding a few grains of pure wheaten starch. If the latter be added, it cannot even be sold as "artificial" cream. Truly the "viscosity" of Government departments is one of the most amazing developments of our time!

It might be suggested that the health and wealth of the public would be sufficiently protected if 95 per cent. of this sort of silly "Regulation" were swept away, and if in a schedule of foodstuffs "cream" were properly defined. A simple definition would perhaps be "that portion of cows' milk rich in milk-fat which has been separated therefrom and is of specific gravity not less than ——". Given that, and a simply-worded clause in the principal Adulteration Act to the effect that "no person shall sell any article named in the Schedule hereto under the name by which it is there described, unless it conforms to the standard there given," and all —buyers and sellers alike—would know what alone could be lawfully sold as "cream." That, too, would cover everything else in general demand. Substitutes and imitations should be required to be labelled as such. That is what is done in the Dominions across the seas—why not in the Home Land? The introduction of this word "artificial" as a legal term is fraught with consequences, the extent and effect of which can hardly be imagined. If a special Act of Parliament is necessary to enable "artificial" cream to be sold, equally will it be necessary to have a special Act to sell every other "artificial" substance that the public do now, or may at any future time, require! Let us see what it leads to.

REFORM OF THE ADULTERATION LAWS

Some years ago the present writer served on a Committee nominated by the Board of Trade to investigate the manufacture and sale of "Vinegar." Now "vinegar" has been the subject of many successful and many unsuccessful prosecutions. At the present time at least half a dozen different things may lawfully be sold as "vinegar." As generally understood by the British housewife, "vinegar" is an acid liquid obtainable from malted and unmalted grain by acetous fermentation. That is *malt* vinegar. There is a recognised standard for malt vinegar: it should contain not less than 4 per cent. of acetic acid, and it contains various aromatic properties which make it a pleasant table adjunct. But since acetic acid occurs naturally in many plant-juices, and is found largely in the wood of many trees, it has been the custom from time immemorial to prepare synthetic or artificial "vinegar" that is not required for table use by diluting acetic acid with water and adding a little burnt sugar as a harmless colouring matter. It is well known that this artificial vinegar is better for many purposes than malt vinegar because the latter, by reason of the aromatic properties it contains, will not keep good for very long, whereas the artificial vinegar will keep good for practically any length of time. If I go into a shop and ask for "vinegar" and am supplied with the synthetic article, no offence has been committed, even though I may have been charged the price at which malt vinegar is usually sold. Had I asked for "malt" vinegar, however, and been supplied with the other, there would have been a breach of the law. It costs four or five times as much to brew malt vinegar as to make artificial vinegar; and so the public who ask for vinegar simply are at the mercy of any unscrupulous profiteer who chooses to give them the cheaper article at the higher price or (as often happens) a mixture of the two.

Now that the Legislature has begun to recognise the principle of selling a substitute for the genuine article under the proper name of that article prefixed by the word "artificial," we may expect one of these days to have a Bill solemnly introduced into Parliament to legalise the sale of artificial vinegar. That no doubt will be followed in due course by a long series of Bills each

authorising the sale of artificial something else. Why not? Artificial cream has an Act of Parliament all to itself—that is our method of legislating in England. Such, however, is not the method of protection against adulteration adopted in the British Dominions across the seas; and it is well worth while to compare the practical working of the adulteration laws in the Dominions with what we tamely submit to at home. We not only pass an Act to legalise the sale of cream after it has been dealt with so that it will keep good instead of turning sour. Our bureaucrats would never be satisfied with that. The place where this artificial cream is prepared for sale must be constructed, registered, and inspected according to minutely detailed regulations; the cream itself must be packed and labelled according to rules—any departure from which becomes an offence punishable by heavy fine. So strict is the law, indeed, that the legislature has found it necessary to include in the Act a clause graciously permitting a householder to make artificial cream "solely for his domestic purposes"! At such a pass of absurdity has this trumpery style of "public health" legislation been allowed to arrive.

Compare with all this the methods adopted for conserving the public health in Canada and South Africa. In both Dominions standardisation has been adopted as the basis of adulteration law. In Canada the words "pure" and "genuine" and equivalent words are not allowed to be used to describe any articles. All foodstuffs and all drugs are *presumed* to be pure and genuine, and anything not pure or genuine must be so marked that the purchaser may be made aware of its true nature. They do not pass a law to authorise the sale of "artificial" cream or anything else. Their main statute says that—

every article of food which is a compound, mixture, imitation or substitute, shall be plainly and correctly labelled as such.

Similarly in South Africa, where throughout the Union they have one universal law. It provides that an "artificial" or "imitation" substitute may be sold so long as it is plainly so described and labelled. If no such disclosure is made, the article sold is presumed to be of the pure, unadulterated nature

and quality which its ordinary name implies, and to be in accordance with the official standard of composition and quality set out under that ordinary name in the schedule. It is easy to see how very much better this system is than ours in England. Whilst we are passing an Act of Parliament and framing a whole set of complicated rules and regulations to enable one single article (cream) to be sold in an artificial form, our Dominions pass an Act which simply says that every article sold is to be deemed to be pure and natural; but if it be varied in any way, or if what is sold be an imitation or a substitute, *the fact must be made quite plain to the buyer*. Under this simple and easily enforced system the householder of the Dominions who wants vinegar will get malt vinegar at one price, and artificial vinegar, properly labelled as such, at a much lower price. In England the purchaser might quite easily be swindled by having the lower-priced article supplied at the price of the more expensive, without any breach of law being committed.

In exactly the same way the sale of drugs is regulated on a simple basis of officially-approved standards. Here in England we do to some extent—in a half-hearted sort of way—recognise the standards of the British Pharmacopœia, but we allow endless quibbles about "commercial" qualities that largely neutralise the value of those standards. We waste the time of our Courts of Justice over arguments as to whether bees-wax is or is not a drug, and instead of providing for a smart fine to be inflicted upon any rogue who supplies paraffin-wax coloured to look like bees-wax in place of the genuine article, we tell him that, because he is a grocer and not a chemist, he evidently did not sell it as a drug, and so has not offended against the Sale of Food and Drugs Acts. In Canada they define what is a drug, and every drug is deemed to be genuine when it is sold under its ordinary official name. Every drug is deemed to be adulterated that falls below a definite standard of quality. That standard, according to their law, must be what is laid down in the latest edition of the British Pharmacopœia. If there is no standard to be found there, then it must conform to the standard placed against its name in

(*a*) some other pharmacopœia, or (*b*) some recognised standard work on drugs. There is an offence known to Canadian law as "misbranding." Foods and drugs are deemed to be "misbranded" if they are not plainly and properly described when they are artificial or substitutes for named articles; or when they are coloured or coated to conceal inferior qualities; or when they are sold under false names or with exaggerated claims as to their virtues or value; or where they are sold under the name of some fictitious individual or company; or where in various other ways they carry deception with them. Here, in England, we have to search through all sorts of statutes, passed for all sorts of purposes, to find remedies for different forms of swindling which might readily be dealt with under a comprehensive Adulteration Act, backed by standardisation not only of drugs and foodstuffs, but of all articles that at present are neither drugs nor foods, but are in daily use in practically every household. It seems strange that we are already doing this very thing for the benefit of domestic animals and agriculture. The latest Fertilisers and Feeding-Stuffs Act is based entirely upon standardisation. It contains comprehensive and elaborate schedules of quality which must not be departed from. Every vendor knows what he may sell, and every purchaser can know what he is entitled to get. The Act, is is true, has been unduly complicated by "regulations"—that, perhaps, was to be expected—but it serves to show the way to a much more practical, economical, and effective handling of the general problem of adulteration. There is really no difficulty about the matter. Is it too much to hope that the capacity for business already displayed by members of the present Administration—several of whom have had "co-operative" commercial experience—may find scope for public service in this direction?

Modern Landscapes

By Clough Williams-Ellis

We have begun to talk, some of us, whether hopefully or with despair according to our bias and experience, of what has come to be called the " modern landscape." What exactly that term connotes seems, however, to be rather doubtful. Does it mean the aspect of the earth's surface where it has been most modified by recent human activities, or our imagined conception thereof when it has been more completely subjected to our constructive and destructive abilities than is yet anywhere the case (at least in England), and is therefore a dream of the future rather than a fact of the present? As, however, the " modern landscape," so called, has champions amongst those whose views we must respect, it may, I think, be assumed that what they approve is not such half-baked mechanized landscapes as are already imposed on the traditional English background, but their vision of what such a landscape *might* be, if carried out skilfully and efficiently to its logical conclusion.

The rather tatterdemalion examples that are all we have as yet got to judge by in this country need a good deal of filling-in and tidying up by the eye of faith before they can seem acceptable to that small minority that really uses its eyes and is capable of experiencing either pain or pleasure according to what it sees.

In her entertaining book " Dangerous Ages," Miss Rose Macaulay set out to show that danger dogged one's footsteps as persistently as one's shadow from cradle to grave—that no particular age was notably safer than any other. Though probably true of the human span of life, it is surely not so of the phases of civilization, and though most generations would have claimed that their times were peculiarly difficult and out-of-joint, I do think ours is exceptional in claiming that distinction with some show of justice. What we can probably all agree is that the most dangerous ages are

those at which the normal rate of change is most abnormally accelerated, and judged by that test, we are surely living more dangerously now than at any time since we took the incalculable risks involved by adopting an upright carriage, or of kindling fire, or of smelting metals.

Perhaps an all-knowing being would say that this was an impossible and unfair moment at which to attempt any sort of stocktaking, or the making of any general report. He would see us all running about much faster than ever before, but with singularly little apparent purpose or at any rate *sustained* purpose. Hither and thither we dart amongst new wonders that the few have discovered and that few understand or know how to use for the true happiness either of themselves or of their fellows. We are seen in our shirt-sleeves, agitated, uncertain, feverish, puzzled, amongst a mass of unfinished things; of experiments that may lead backwards or downwards, and of yet other experiments or ideas that may lead us, for all we know, quite literally to the stars.

We are not merely at the cross-roads, but at the criss-cross-roads—in the melting pot, in the troubled waters, or wherever else you like in the whole wide world of metaphor that indicates that we do not know whether we are coming or going, on our head or our heels, or whether it is Christmas or Easter! It is an age of beginnings, a provisional age that one must indeed regard as such in order not to despair. Its very movement and energy are enough to make many people both happy and hopeful; the restless ones who are most truly of their age and to whose unreflective minds mere change can pass for progress, unsuspected and unchallenged.

I wish we could get along with this business of accelerating, retarding or reversing time, though I suppose someone monkeying with the controls will run us crashing backwards into the last ice-age within ten minutes of the formula being perfected.

But barring any such exterminating catastrophe, how pleasant it would be to back one's own little ribband of time—alone, and ever so carefully—back into the

Augustan Age in Eighteenth Century England! I should back in—there or thereabouts—regularly once a quarter. Of course, one would be disappointed in many things, scandalized and outraged even, but I do feel it would be soothing and refreshing and would give one what we now so notably lack, poise, dignity and urbanity, at any rate in the outward form of things.

It is true enough that we have many advantages and qualities that the eighteenth and all other centuries seem to have lacked, at any rate in England, such as cleanliness, kindness to animals, the sympathetic understanding of children, birth-control, an Administration and Bench relatively incorrupt, a chastening doubt with regard to power and privilege and the beginnings of a belief in the Divine Right of all. As human beings, there is, I think, quite a lot to be said for us as against our great-great-grandfathers. Morally, practically, and even intellectually we may hold our heads high in the procession of the ages. We have a right to comport ourselves with a proper human dignity, a right that the eighteenth century at large had far less obviously than ourselves, yet exercised with such consummate mastery and finish. The wine of its civilization may have been in many ways inferior, but it was at least contained in a cunningly wrought and very beautiful vessel.

We English of today may be a great people—or perhaps the parents or grand-parents of a great people. But if we were to be judged by that which we are so feverishly yet carelessly constructing as the background of our lives, we should surely be counted as quite lamentable muddlers, making a sad mess of our country, with very little sense of order, seemliness, dignity, or even efficiency, and none at all of that discipline without which there can be no assured or permanent freedom. Aloofly reproachful stand the remnants of Georgian England, their gracious urbanity as far removed from the hectic Saturnalia of ugliness in which we are squandering our inheritance as from the picturesque disarray of the Middle Ages.

Justly to appraise the merits of the modern landscape we ought to compare it with those of other times. Let that engaging Welshman, Geoffrey of Monmouth, author

of the first native guide-book to Great Britain show us his contemporary countryside :—

Britain, best of islands, lieth in the Western Ocean betwixt Gaul and Ireland, and containeth eight hundred miles in length and two hundred in breadth. Whatsoever is fitting for the use of mortal men the island doth afford in unfailing plenty. For she aboundeth in metals of every kind; fields hath she, stretching far and wide, and hillsides meet for tillage of the best; whereon, by reason of the fruitfulness of the soil, the divers crops in their season do yield their harvests. Forests also hath she, filled with every manner of wild deer, in the glades whereof groweth grass that the cattle may find therein meet change of pasture, and flowers of many colours that do proffer their honey unto the bees that flit ever busily about them. Meadows hath she, set in pleasant places, green at the foot of misty mountains, wherein be sparkling well-springs, clear and bright, flowing forth with gentle awhispering ripple in shining streams that sing sweet lullaby unto them that lie upon their banks. Watered is she, moreover, by lakes and rivers wherein is much fish, and besides the narrow river of the southern coast whereby men make voyage unto Gaul, by three noble rivers, Thames, to wit, Severn and Humber, the which she stretcheth forth as it were three arms whereby she taketh in the traffic from overseas, brought hither from every land in her fleets.

That was an enchanted and enchanting land that gave way little by little before human activity and enterprise, losing something, gaining much, until there came a time when England, as I verily believe, stood forth as the loveliest thing that God and man had ever made between them. There is a cloud of witness to this effect, the painters Canaletto, Scott, Gainsborough, Constable, Morland, Turner, Willson, Crome, Cotman, Cox and the rest, and writers and poets without number. They pictured what they loved and what we have largely lost—for ever.

And to what have we lost it, this comely, ordered Arcady with its gracious market towns and homely villages, as instinct with local individuality and tradition as the speech of their inhabitants? For what have we exchanged these good, these very English things?

Two days ago I stood on the edge of a Sussex common; a neglected quickset hedge enclosed a squatter's homestead—half timbered and thatched, dilapidated, abandoned. That was the only reminder of the old and immemorial England that the name of their country still conjures up for such unrealistic sentimentalists who have been long exiled in the ends of the earth and who

still read Miss Austen, Trollope and Hardy and occasionally see the charming photographs of rural scenes in our *Country Life*.

But what was the rest of my view that November afternoon? I stood on a sixty-foot reinforced concrete motor-way along which hooted and thundered an immense and largely unnecessary traffic at an extravagant speed between uncompromising palisades of steel and concrete. Beyond the dirty drab of the concrete kerbs, heaps of broken asphalt littered the weed-grown waste, from which rose gigantic black telegraph posts on the one hand and electric power pylons of latticed steel upon the other, so forcing horsemen and walkers alike relentlessly on to the unyielding surface of the oil-stained road. A few yards from the Common's end stood a shed of corrugated iron that a score of eye-splitting signs in crude enamels proclaimed to be a garage. Opposite stood a flimsy bungalow with pink asbestos roof and a gimcrack verandah enclosed with coloured glass announcing that it was " The Lucky Dip Café." Beyond this place of refreshment lies an honest turnip field, but lest its valuable road-frontage should be wasted, it is partly obscured by three enormous notice-boards. One announces that bungalow plots may be bought thereon at 1s. 2d. a square yard freehold, and the others, severally and vociferously, that two sorts of beer (that are popularly supposed to be rivals but which the " City " knows to be " interlocking ") are respectively and indisputably " the Best."

The beech grove that used to shade the road on the other side has been felled for firewood and has not been replanted, though the now dismal acre cannot strictly speaking be said to be without timber, as a large hoarding of Baltic deal, advertising an American serial, has replaced our native trees. At the cross roads a little chalet like an earth-closet, in waspish black and yellow is labelled " A.A. Telephone Box," and just beyond it the bungalows begin in earnest, as it is only a mile or so into the little town of Blankminster.

One used to enter the town from this London side through an avenue of elms, but local surveyors have been brought up with a superstitious fear for elms; so when

the estate that they adorned was sold to a speculator, and then broken up and re-sold in lots, down came the eight hundred old trees and up went two or three hundred perky little houses. The old William-and-Mary Manor House was, of course, demolished—the smoke from the new factory that had somehow been allowed to place itself between the house and the Minster, so as to discharge its poisonous and evil-smelling effluent conveniently into the river, had long since spoilt the ancient amenities of the place and had driven away, first the trout, then the rooks and finally the family itself. The great factory chimney now dominates the town where the church steeple was once supreme, the elegant little Georgian Town Hall has just been effectively crushed and put in its place by a four-storied multiple store of plate-glass and terra-cotta that replaced an authentic half-timbered merchant's house of the fifteenth century. A large part of the south side of the old High Street was pulled down three or four years ago to make room for traffic, and quite unnecessarily, as this destruction did not solve the problem and a new bye-pass road has now been made through the North Ward Allotments. However, this wholesale demolition of half the High Street gave the multiple shops their chance which they did not hestitate to take, and that is why one side of the street now looks like Barchester and the other like the Wrath of God.

Well, that is a picture that can be matched from all over England, and it is not a picture that I can pretend to like. If that is " modern landscape," I would have none of it—I can find no merit in the shoddy or the slipshod or in the arrogant destruction of old beauty when we are impotent to create new. But wise and sensitive people like Mr. Eric Gill who have kind things to say of the modern landscape must, I think, mean something quite other than what I have described. They have doubtless seen what I have seen in more enlightened lands, in Scandinavia and Germany particularly, where the new things needed for the new way of life are done triumphantly, with dignity and with pride and yet without disdain for those things that, being of another age, are yet honourable and lovely emblems of a civilization that may yet be held superior to our own.

The Drum

By H. T. Kemball Cook

PATRICK MILVINGTON, aged seven, beat his drum.

Whoever sets out to write the history of the decay of ancient families will find that there remain to each of them some curious and often irrelevant relics of past splendour. In one family, it will be some solitary piece of silver, incongruously poised on a cheap suburban sideboard; in another it will be a single family portrait by no painter sufficiently fashionable to make a sale worth while; in a third it will be nothing more than an old book with a coat of arms on the binding.

In the Milvington family the relic was a drum.

The descent of the Milvingtons had been rapid enough but it had seemed at one time that it might yet be stayed. The Milvington who gambled with Fox left little to his descendants but Milvington Park and the rumour of an authentic Nabob, a vastly rich cadet of the family, who had made his million in India when India was still worth while and lived retired in a Roman villa. But the old Nabob was a good life and, when it seemed that he could last no longer, he married a woman of early middle age and left her a life interest in the great fortune.

She lived to a good old age, but it came at last to the English Milvingtons—very strictly tied up, so that the possessors found themselves no more than tenants for life. The principal was to go with the headship of the family. And then Fate began to make mock of the Milvingtons. They had been both a prolific and a long-lived family. An obscure reference in one of Horace Walpole's letters to "Milvenarians" is supposed by modern critics to have reference to the fact that three branches of the Milvingtons boasted a centenarian in the year 1765. It was said in jest that the Milvingtons would have populated a small town—could any two branches of the clan have been happy lacking a bitter feud. But, from the moment when the Indian shower of gold descended upon Milvington Park, the family began to die off, not only in one but in all its branches. There

seemed to be a curse with the money, and some of the more imaginative of the Milvingtons invented stories (which may have done less than justice to the reality) of the way in which the Nabob had grown rich. This was pooh-poohed by the less fanciful members of the family who had a strong faith in *non olet;* but Death took equal toll of the fanciful and the stalwarts, and when England began to go to war again, the rate of mortality became alarming. The Milvingtons had always been soldiers, and there had been so many of them that death on active service had merely regulated the balance as against the long-lived—centurions balanced centenarians, as Gibbon told Sir Roger Milvington with sour pleasantry. But the Boer war and the North-West frontier took heavy toll and there were no longer any centenarians to redress the balance. At the time of the outbreak of the Great War, the Milvingtons had been reduced to a very small clan; and, when the war had been over eight years, there remained only one distant branch and that a doubtful one.

Patrick Milvington, caring nothing for pedigrees and the like, beat his drum.

But Patrick Milvington's father, sole male survivor of the great clan, if he could make good his claim to belong to that clan, was growing poorer and poorer in his attempt to secure the documentary proof needed. It seemed to be fated that the one absolutely essential parchment should elude all search. There had been such a parchment; there were even references to it in old family letters which Patrick Milvington's father possessed, but that was all, and the proof was not sufficient to satisfy the law that these Milvingtons were genuinely cadets of the old family and so, by the failure of all other branches, entitled to succeed.

Patrick Milvington's father had gone straight from school into the war and had come out scathless but with no profession, with an income a good deal depleted by war and post-war taxation and with no very clear ideas about the future except that he might as well see about the Nabob's money but that he must begin by marrying Mary Vilmain. This he did and very happy she would have made him, if only the ghost of the Nabob had not

begun to haunt him. Mary would have liked a nursery full of children; but she was a young woman of judgment and she decided that a large family and the pursuit of the Milvington inheritance were things mutually antipathetic and contented herself for the present with one small son. And that was why Patrick Milvington beat his drum. He was a lonely child or would have been lonely but for his drum. With that he seemed perfectly content. Patrick's drum was no ordinary drum; it was large and magnificently painted, though with rather faded colours.

Even if he had asked its origin and beginnings, no one could have told him. His father remembered vaguely that he had sometimes played with it as a child and that his father had always spoken of it as the "old drum." It had followed the Milvingtons of this branch in their wanderings, which had brought them from a mid-Victorian small manor house to a rather shoddy villa near enough to London to make it possible for Milvington to consult often with the lawyers. No one knew why it had been preserved when everything else went; Milvington's grandfather mentioned it once in a letter as the "Luck of the Family," but whatever tradition had once gone with it had been forgotten.

And Patrick Milvington beat his drum. No savage ritualist in the African forest ever beat his drum with quite the fervour with which Patrick Milvington tapped that magic parchment. As he tapped, he murmured some strange incantation, formless, meaningless, yet with a certain unconscious rhythm. Even his mother was not made privy to all the secrets which Patrick confided to his drum. Even Maudie, the graceless daily girl of the fallen fortunes of the family, looked queerly, half in awe, at Patrick Milvington as he beat his drum and chanted.

Sometimes Milvington, his naturally sweet temper a trifle soured by the endless quest, declared that the drumming would drive him mad and ordered the drum to be locked away in a cupboard. But it had to be brought out again. Patrick sulked over his lessons, lay sleepless in his cot at night, seemed even to lose a normally healthy appetite. When the drum was brought out again, he revived. . . .

The Milvington inheritance case had achieved a certain fame in the process of time, and there was an antiquarian, a quaint old gentleman with a beard which seemed to Patrick to begin nowhere and to end nowhere, for there was no part of his face free from it and the end was tucked into his waistcoat, living near who made friends with the Milvingtons and would come and talk about the case.

One day he brought a newspaper cutting with him. "Simply monstrous," he said, "no wonder that valuable parchments are lost. Listen to this. 'Toy drum-makers and glue makers have been using valuable records by the ton!' Why, good gracious, Mr. Milvington, for all we know some child somewhere may——What's that?"

For Patrick Milvington was beating his drum.

Milvington listened. "It's that infernal kid tom-toming," he said, "on the family drum."

The old gentleman looked rather thoughtful and presently went away. He came again a few days later when Milvington was out and asked to be introduced to Patrick. Patrick was at his lessons and the old gentleman asked the silly questions old gentlemen always do ask about whether children like their lessons—as if any boy that was a boy would admit that he liked lessons, even if he did. That would be giving the grown-ups too great an advantage. However Patrick answered politely, and presently the old gentleman began to wander about the room, stopping at last in front of the drum. Unobtrusively Patrick slipped off his chair and approached. "So this is the great drum, it is?" said the old gentleman. "What exactly did your husband mean by calling it 'the family drum'?" Mrs. Milvington explained. The old gentleman bent right over, while Patrick quivered at his elbow till at last he got up and went away.

Very late that night Mrs. Milvington heard a patter of feet overhead. When she went up to investigate, Patrick was in bed but awake. "Have you been out of bed, Pat?" she asked. Patrick said that he had not; but he did not look at her in the candlelight. Mrs. Milvington was the dearest of mothers but there was a code between her and Patrick. If he told a lie, he was

whipped and from this there was no appeal. And so at bed-time next evening he took his whipping like a man. Only when his mother bent over to kiss him good night, he said from quivering lips, "I was afraid he was going to steal my drum in the night."

That evening Mrs. Milvington was very thoughtful, for her husband had told her of a wild theory confided in him by the old gentleman. "I'm wondering what Patrick would do without his drum," she confessed when he rallied her. Milvington laughed. "There are lots of other drums," he cried. "If the old chap should happen to be right—of course it's the wildest chance, a million to one against it—but if he did happen to be right, Pat could have all the drums he liked. Now what are we going to do about to-morrow?"

To-morrow Mrs. Milvington took Patrick to the Zoo. Patrick approved of the Zoo, but to-day he seemed to be getting something less than his usual thrill from it. He was politely interested all day but once he said, apparently without any special reference, "Don't like men with beards," and several times his mother, looking at him with a conscience not quite clear, saw that his thoughts were far away. The journey home was a miniature nightmare for her. In vain she told herself that there was nothing in a child's fancy; she was quite literally afraid as he led the way upstairs. He walked straight to the place where the drum always lay. It was not there. Patrick Milvington gave his mother one look and turned away. She could not find anything to say to him.

But a few days after she did try to explain the tremendous importance the drum had assumed in the family affairs. Guesswork or inspiration, the old gentleman's idea had been the right one; the drum parchment was the missing paper which had been needed to establish the claim on the Milvington inheritance. None could say with any certainty how it had come to be used to cover a drum. It might have been some grim jest by a former head of this branch. It was much more likely that, in the days when the Milvington clan was still numerous and prolific, in the days before the Nabob inheritance had existed, this document had seemed to be of little importance; it was a thing not to be believed

that this very distant branch would ever fill any space in the Milvington history; much more likely that, as happened so often, it would break away altogether till no member of it could remember any other connection with the Milvingtons of Milvington Park than an unusual name.

The drum became the sensation of the law courts. The story of how generations of children had banged this drum unconscious of the place it was to play in the family fortunes was a godsend to the papers. Photographs of the drum, photographs of a very aloof and shy Patrick Milvington were everywhere. And the old gentleman with a beard became, very much to his annoyance, a public character.

But Patrick Milvington no longer banged his drum.

The old gentleman with the beard had gone to London and had bought him a really magnificent drum with all the newest improvements, and Patrick Milvington had thanked him very politely but he had never laid stick on the inviting parchment. While everyone else within the Milvington orbit was wildly excited, Patrick Milvington seemed to regard the whole affair with disdain. His mother tried again to explain to him exactly what it meant to them all. . When she had first tried to explain why the drum had been taken away, he had listened in silence. Now he asked a few questions about Milvington Park and the pony that he was to ride and the school to which he was to go, as his father and grandfather had gone before him, for in all things but one Patrick was a perfectly natural boy. Only when his mother was telling him that he could have a perfectly lovely drum at Milvington and could beat it all round the Park if he liked, did she find him looking at her not precisely with contempt but with a certain childish surprise that these grown-ups could talk so much and understand so little about things which really mattered.

And then came the grand day. A morning of anxiety waiting for news of a reserved judgment in the Probate Court. Then a telegram which Mrs. Milvington gave to Patrick to open because it would all be his some day. And then at last Milvington, a radiant Milvington driving all the way from London in a hired car loaded with

flowers and fruit and presents of all kinds. And last of all a drum—no, not a drum. Surely, surely it was *the* Drum come back again. There it was, with its rather battered sides and its rather faded colours. Only the parchment looked a little new—but a child wouldn't notice that. Undoubtedly the authentic family drum.

Milvington winked at his wife as the drum was carried into the house.

At first Patrick had flushed hotly at the sight of it and now he took up a stick and struck once, sharply. Then he laid the stick down and walked very quietly out of the room.

The old gentleman with a beard came to dinner that night and they drank his health in the champagne Milvington had brought and he drank the Luck of the Milvingtons. And far into the night husband and wife sat making plans—tasting happiness.

But upstairs Patrick Milvington lay sleepless in bed, staring at the ceiling. He seemed to be listening again and again to a single drum tap—a false note.

"That's not MY drum," whispered Patrick Milvington.

The Six Bobber

An Adventure on English Soil

By Ray Coryton Hutchinson.

THE London and North Eastern Railway Company has the honour of serving the City of Norwich, the Capital of East Anglia. And let me make it quite clear from the start what is my present attitude towards this Company. It is one of calm consideration, of sorrow, perhaps, but not of anger.

There are times when I rave against the L.N.E.R., when I call upon Heaven to bring down its choicest curses upon the directors, and to send special lightning for the destruction of Liverpool Street Station; when I determine to make for the track and tear up the rails bodily (but decide that it is too cold), or mentally prepare long letters of expostulation to the *Times* (which do not get written, as I find that I have no ink in my fountain pen). But at this moment I survey the L.N.E.R. with tranquil good humour. It is an aged institution, and like other undesirable things which came into existence before I did must be tolerated, if not venerated. I reflect, moreover, that nothing but the purest altruism can persuade the L.N.E.R. to send trains to Norwich at all—Norwich, where I have to go to the station if I want a copy of the *Spectator*! They must lose thousands of pounds every year in sending these trains over miles of bleak and desolate waste to so remote and isolated a city, where the natives find their choicest bliss in staying at home. Generous, kindly, missionary L.N.E.R.!

While I am in this benign mood, it is fitting that I should devote a word of tribute to this most praiseworthy of all transport companies in respect of a special blessing which it confers upon me, the great Six Bobber. The Six Bobber is the affectionate name given to a scheme whereby, once every month, the unhappy cockney who is exiled in Norwich can spend a few Sabbath

hours in London, by paying the unbelievably paltry sum of six shillings. The price is inclusive—there is no extra charge for driver, ticket-collectors, or the short stop at Ipswich.

Once a month, then, I rise much earlier than is my wont on a Sunday, and proceed, with the *Observer* and a parcel of sandwiches, to the station. It is necessary to be very early for the Six Bobber, since, although it is scheduled to leave at 10.25, it is possible to get away earlier if the train goes in two or more parts. This depends on several circumstances, the weather, the proximity to a Bank Holiday, and the state of the local boot trade. Being something of an economist and no mean student of meteorology, I make very scientific calculations each time as to how many trains will run, and at what time the first will leave. I arrive in good time, none the less, as my calculations have never yet proved correct.

At the station there is a queue, usually a long queue. I join in at the rear, and we all stand, perhaps for an hour, discussing the previous day's cricket or football. Beyond the barrier the trains are waiting, empty. It would, of course, be more comfortable if we could sit in the carriages instead of standing where we are, but the L.N.E.R. has its time-honoured code of etiquette, and it considers it more seemly that the excursionists should await its service on their feet. Perhaps this training in a hard school enables passengers the better to appreciate the luxury of the company's padded seats later on; perhaps an unnecessary strain on the chassis of the coaches is avoided. At all events, the custom stands; and we stand.

When at last the gate is opened, we feel that it has all been worth while. The excitement of it, as, rather cramped from prolonged inactivity, we hobble and jostle through the narrow opening and then make for the train as fast as our sore feet will allow! Here there is a new comedy to be enacted. To the experienced six bobbist like myself it is well-known that there is usually a certain number of first-class carriages in an excursion train which are democratically open for the use of all and sundry. The porters also know of these

carriages, and their object is to keep them free for excursionists who arrive late and can be ushered into them gallantly, with general good will and distribution of largesse. It may be judged that a certain amount of hostility occurs in this connection, and men whose vocation gives them a life in the open usually settle the point to their advantage by violent argument, threats of appeal to the station-master, and a slight but carefully marked rolling back of the cuff. My own method, still less dignified, perhaps, is to enter a third-class carriage with conspicuous humility, go along the corridor, hide for a few moments in the lavatory if I see a porter's eye upon me, then dash for the desired haven and pull down the blinds. At the last moment the "firsts" often become as crowded as the "thirds," but for a poor man there is satisfaction to be found in resting the head against a piece of lace (all at the same price, six shillings).

Another long period of waiting follows, the while, presumably, some high official goes over a plan of the course with the engine-driver, warns him of tricky gradients, and wishes him God-speed. The bowling of J. C. White being exhausted, we pass the time in wondering whether it is not better, after all, to get cramp by standing in a draughty station than to be frizzled alive in a carriage with two children of the odoursome age, a young man with a cheroot, and an older one with a meerschaum full of Empire Mixture. In time we cease to start and become excited when whistles are blown. Finally, when we have given up all hope, the train lurches violently forward and rambles out of the station.

Almost immediately symptoms of home-sickness are to be observed in my fellow-passengers. "That's a fine o' ci'y," they murmur as the last of the hideous new houses disappears, and they stiffen the upper lip. True, they will be back again in less than fourteen hours, but the parting from familiar scenes is always a wrench. As they go along, they pick out objects which remind them of what they have left behind. "Look you now at that bus," they say to each other as a red charabanc passes close to the line. "That's

like our Unit'ed buses at home." (The United Omnibuses are yellow). Nearly everything seems to awake some memory. "That's like our Mousehold Heath," I once heard a woman say as we passed through Colchester. I wonder to this day where she saw the resemblance.

Why citizens of Norwich use the Six Bobber at all is a question which still perplexes me. Why, when there is a scenic railway at Yarmouth and crab-teas at Cromer? Perhaps, hidden deep in the East Anglian soul, there still lurks a spirit of adventure. Was not Nelson at Norwich Grammar School, for a term at least? And did not Borrow, the great native of East Dereham, mention London very favourably in more than one of his romances? These people who sit with me in the carriage have, at any rate, been once bitten with the *Wanderlust*, and it is too late now to regret the precipitate action. I have another explanation to suggest, but I must state it warily. Were I more certain of how the laws of libel operate, I would hazard the conjecture that the East Anglian may share with the Scot certain other of his alleged characteristics besides a lack of humour. Two hundred and forty miles for six shillings—it's a temptation to defy the acutest anticipation of nostalgia!

At Ipswich there is great excitement. Long before the train has come to a standstill, the boldest passengers have taken a flying leap on to the platform, picked themselves up, and rushed for the buffet, where a violent scrimmage forms immediately. In ten minutes we are off again, stray gourmets being pushed unceremoniously through the doors as the train starts moving, with their cups of tea and any other spoils they have succeeded in collecting. Through Colchester with its paralysing water-tower, through Chelmsford, a little town set at the base of three gigantic wireless masts, and then, as the misery of my friends increases, I become alert and joyful.

Every object which appears by the side of the track now has its own message of gladness. First, I cast a blessing upon the manufacturer who sells his pills at a oss of twenty shillings a box; does he not take the trouble to inform me, gratis, that we are only twenty-six

miles from London? A few miles more, and the sky becomes misty, the sun redder and more cheese-like. Ah! this is good! This is fogginess. They have river-mists in Norwich, but never what a man who knows what's what would call a fog. And then, like the olive-leaf which the dove so thoughtfully brought back to Noah, a "General" omnibus appears. I feel, then, that life is very beautiful.

The track, sensing its approach to the metropolis, becomes smoother now, and as we rush onwards, the excitement grows fiercer. When the first of the Fords —Romford—is reached, we are already almost in touch. Ilford, and I know there will be no clear green country between here and Liverpool Street. Seven Kings flashes past, a long streak like an action photograph taken by an amateur, and then the greatest of the Fords, Stratford, comes. This is London, the real London, close, cramped, sordid, and filthy; this is worth every minute of the long wait at Norwich Station. I look round triumphantly on my carriage-mates, and wonder, pityingly, how they can sit there so impassively, reflecting probably on their Cathedral Close and their marshy broadlands, when Bethnal Green, with its narrow *boiteux* houses and its dowdy clothes-lines, sails gloriously by.

At Liverpool Street a huge crowd waits for us. I have more than one theory as to who these people may be. I used at one time to think that they were merely morbid curiosity-seekers, of the type which is ever ready to join a crowd gazing at any unusual spectacle. Recently I have come to believe that these too are East Anglians, unhappy folk who ventured up by some previous Six Bobber and missed the return train. This view is supported by the fact that, as the two crowds meet, some members of each appear to know one another. But such speculations are of passing interest. I leave the herd to struggle, true to type, through one of the exits, while I, having passed through the one they have failed to notice, find my way to the moving stairway where some of them will presently lose their equilibrium, and, breathing the stale air, feel myself a man again.

* * * * *

Half-past eight finds me rushing towards Liverpool

Street in a taxi, having forgotten, as usual, how irregular the tube service is on Sundays. At the barrier I find that I have only one minute to spare.

"Have I time for a drink?" I ask breathlessly, knowing from bitter experience that we reach Ipswich after hours.

"Drink? Of course! Leave your bag 'ere, sir, and nip across the road. I won't let the train go till you come."

As the man is a cockney, I trust him implicitly and get my drink. On my way back I put in charge of another worthy Londoner the postcard I have written in the taxi to inform my friends that I have got home safely. Then I dash along the platform, find an empty first—apparently this train is occupied exclusively by the "super-mug" section of excursionists—drop luxuriously into the corner-seat, and fill my pipe.

Well, it is all over for another month, but the splendid memory will help to tide me over the dreary days. I should dearly like to know how my fellows have spent the hours which have passed so pleasantly for me. They must have found London a poor place, with its empty streets and almost ghostly air of desertion. Perhaps though, they found themselves in Houndsditch, where Sunday is a lively day, and were comforted by its faint resemblance to the Dereham Road. Perhaps, like an old lady with whom I once travelled back, they found "a nice 'ouse" within a few yards of the station, and remained there until it was time to go home. At all events, they are riotously happy now. Two carriages away a concertina is droning the principal notes of that inexplicable melody "Sonny Boy." At Ipswich they will rush for the tea-urns and dance on the platform to give vent to their good spirits. When we get to Norwich, another large crowd will be there to greet the venturesome travellers on their return.

They are not real to me; I am living in another world, and I look upon their capers benevolently. I am even ready to call out a cheery "good-night" as I leave the crowd to tramp to my lodgings alone. For, only a few hours ago, I, without the aid of any electric noise-machine, heard the magic notes of Big Ben.

The Window

By Countess Bethlen

THE window was large and square, exactly twice as large as an ordinary window, and was not placed on a side wall but in a corner of the ceiling. So one could not look out by it into the street and, according to the children, it had entirely missed its vocation. To be sure, it let in light and air, even far more than an ordinary window, but you could not see anything through it, not the least bit of a thing. The little boy, who lived in the bed in the opposite corner and was lame, poor child, and so never got up, did not agree with his brothers and sisters. Nothing? He saw the whole world through that window. Once, when they had been living in the other lodging, which had ordinary windows, he could only see the wall opposite and sometimes, when they painfully made him sit up, a bit of the street: hurrying, slovenly people, dogs, lean and scraggy horses dragging heavily loaded carts. And here? Here above him was radiant blueness, as if the whole sky were lined with blue silk. And then little by little, its colour became deeper and darker and all at once at the very edge of the window, there appeared the tip of a silver crescent. The little boy knew, oh! quite well, that he had but to wait quietly, patiently, and the crescent whose tip he began to see would rise from under the window's rim and glide slowly before his eyes until it vanished beyond the other rim.

But that would not matter at all, at all, because the moon would leave in her wake many, many brilliant little dots, which they called stars, but which, the child was persuaded, were tiny holes in the blue silk of the sky, holes through which shines the light of Paradise.

The vicar, who called on them occasionally, said only the other day, about someone who had died lately: "Do not mourn over him, he is already in Heaven, where the light eternal shines on him!" Well, then, it was evident that it was this light that shone through the skies at night. In secret, the little boy hoped that he too would get there soon. Why, he was ill, he could not walk, and his mother sighed often enough, "However shall I be able to bring

up this boy?" The child fancied that somehow one day he would cling on to the fringe of a beautiful, billowy, white cloud that would carry him on, over the window-sill to a wonderful shining, lovely world, whither the sun, the moon and the clouds were hastening when they forsook him. But until this happened, it was good to lie and watch the ever-changing lights and colours of the sky. He loved to see the clouds chasing one another. The little white ones scampered past his view like frisky lambs, a small, dark, angry cloudlet in their rear hurrying them on like a shepherd-dog, till they disappeared one by one beyond the other side of the window. At other times there were light, downy billows floating up there, spreading out broad and smooth, and the little boy pictured himself lying down on them and being carried on farther, farther . . . out into the great big world, into the light, on, on into eternity. The billows reached the window's rim, dissolved, and vanished. . . The child lay there again in his own bed, quite motionless, observing the living, moving clouds above. Sometimes they would move slowly, lazily, like larger antediluvian monsters: then one of them would stretch its neck till it got longer and longer, like a camel's; no, like a giraffe . . . yes, it was going to bite into the leg of the trampling bear ahead. All of a sudden it turned to one side and rolled itself into a giant porcupine. Meanwhile the leg of the bear began to stretch, it changed into an elephant's trunk, which wound round the porcupine, pulling it on. The spines of the porcupine began to grow, they began to get long, they ran asunder, they vanished. The porcupine was a porcupine no longer, but a woman's head with long, waving hair, and the trunk was the arm of a man who caught the woman by the hair, drew her to himself, drew her, drew her out of the world which the frame of the window encircled. For hours could the little boy have looked with bated breath at the playful game of the clouds. He never felt bored. There before him moved all the animals and peoples of the world, in everlasting variety, and he looked and looked as they moved on before him, always others, always new ones coming and vanishing before he could make out their mystery.

One day the vicar brought a lady to see them. They spoke long and earnestly with the little boy's mother, but he never paid any attention. He was absorbed in the window, where just then the clouds gathered threateningly, like so many wild horses let loose. The wind caught at their manes, shook them violently to and fro, and from time to time lightning ran through them like burning whiplashes. Then came the deep grumble of thunder. The little boy shuddered with excitement and pleasure. He felt as if now, now, quite soon, something wonderful, something unutterably awful and yet so grand was going to happen.

The lady suddenly turned to him: "Well, dear, all will be for the best, as we talked it over with your mother. I take you to the hospital to-morrow and we are going to make you safe and sound, so that you will be able to run about in the streets like the other children." And she patted him kindly on the head.

The little boy stared up at her with wide open eyes. What did she mean? They were going to carry him off? Where? He looked round in a fright, and his eyes wandered back to the window. The clouds were racing on so madly that he had scarcely perceived them, when they vanished beyond the window's rim. They were big, black, gruesome, mysterious and wonderful. And he was to be taken away, so that he could never see them again, never fly with them any more into infinity. . . .

They wanted to tie him down so that he should have to walk on the earth, in the streets, where everything is dull and dirty . . . men, dogs, horses. The child ground his teeth: "I won't go," he whispered hoarsely.

The lady shook her head: "But tell me, dear, why not? You can't think that we would hurt you?"

The little boy was stubbornly silent. They would not understand, anyway, and what should he tell them? That he was living in Paradise, in light, in freedom; that in one day he lived a hundred lives, joy, sorrow, happiness; that he swept round the world along with the clouds; that the sun, the moon, the wind and the stars were his playfellows and that in exchange they wanted to give him the street . . . . the street and its sorry tenants!

The lady began again: "Well, and what is it that

you do not want to leave here?" she asked, playfully. "Your mother? She will always come and see you, as often as she likes."

The child tried to collect his thoughts. Perhaps, perhaps, if he could explain to them! But the thoughts raced around in his head and the only thing he positively knew and felt was that they wanted to take away his window. And he groaned bitterly, despairingly: "The window!"

The lady laughed goodnaturedly: "Well, never mind! we have windows there, too, even six of them. And soon you will be able to look out by each of them into the street!" she added encouragingly. "So that is settled; to-morrow we come and fetch you." And with a parting nod she whisked out of the room.

The little boy lay motionless in his bed. To-morrow, to-morrow they would carry him away. All was over; there was no help! None, nowhere. They would make him get well and he, too, would have to come down from the light, the pureness, from the land of dreams, down to earth, to the street, down to dirty, dull reality. With a gesture of despair the child opened his arms to the fleeting clouds; he tried to raise himself half-way with a painful effort, but sank back helplessly into his cushions, and two big tears rolled slowly down his cheeks.

The clouds disappeared, one after the other, darkly, relentlessly, behind the window's rim.

But when the morning came, he had not to be carried to the hospital: he had passed into the eternal light, where there is no mourning and no pall of threatening clouds.

Golden Sand

By Edward Snelson

To me in shadows as I planned
New knowledge, heart afire,
There came a girl whose hair was fanned
By a strange wild desire.
Hiding her face, she took my hand
And gave me golden sand.

Curious I took the grains, and felt
An instant sorcery.
"Measure no hours," said she, and knelt
To stay beside my knee.
But I must look at what she dealt,
And saw the last grain melt.

"You chill me like one from the dead,"
Said I: "lift up your face."
So with a sigh she raised her head.
Full of a troubling grace:
"Men call me Happiness," she said,
Looked one long look, and fled.

Futility

By Enid Clay

When you have told me all your thoughts,
Or just so much as you think wise,
What will there be to dream about?
The truth is duller than your lies.

When you have whispered all your love,
At least—as much as you can spare:—
What will there be to hope about?
The tree without its fruit is bare.

When you have shown me all your heart,
Enough indeed—to satisfy:—
What will there be to weep about?
A hope, a dream:—a passer by.

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

The New Auto-cracy.

"See that chap go by?" asked Heddle as the noise of a rapidly-disappearing motor-car died away.

"I did not," said Sergeant Murphy. "Somethin' went by, but I couldn't recognize what it was."

"I reckon he was doin' fifty miles an hour," said Heddle.

"And why wouldn't he be?" said the Sergeant. "Who's a betther right than the mothorist? Maybe he was just celebratin' his emancipation."

"What's that, Sar'nt?"

"I'm talkin' about the new Mothorin' Act, which by wan sthroke of the pen has conferred the exclusive right of the road on the pethrol-user. Up to now it's been a cryin' shame that a man with a car capable of seventy miles an hour has had to be content with a crawl at forty. There's many a chap runnin' down to Brighton to meet a girl has had to keep her waitin' over a quarther of an hour because of some busybody of a policeman at Sutton or Crawley. Now, thank heavens, the speed limit has been abolished, and the roads for which so many pedesthrians have laid down their lives are free to all that run cars."

"If there's no speed limit," said Heddle, "the poor blinking pedestrian isn't going to have much chance."

"Why should he have? He's been mollycoddled long enough. And the new dangers of the road is goin' to make him hurry up and be a car-owner himself, which is bound to help the mothor industhry. Besides, it's at last been recognized be all sane thinkers of the six-cylindher class that mothor-cars aren't made for the roads, it's the roads that's made for mothor-cars. That's why a lot of them hedges that obsthruct the view of car dhrivers is goin' to be cut down. And them windin' roads with threes and cottages have been given notice. You can't bank them, and it's not every dhriver, doin' sixty, cares to take corners on wan wheel. Instead, we're goin' to have roads as sthraight as a ramrod between anny given spot and anny other. He that goes quickly goes twice. And the watchword of the modhern world

is speed. So let her rip, George, and we'll be in Bognor for dinner."

"The roads will be terrible," said Heddle, shaking his head.

"They will that," said the Sergeant, "but it'll do the counthry no end of good. It'll waken us from our lethargy. That fellah, Neech—he was a Jerry, Heddle, but wan of the most powerful thinkers in the world, like the men that write in our Sunday papers—he said that the secret of life was to live dangerously. Well, with the mothor-car on the prowl, aren't we doin' it? Why, if you're a pedesthrian, you've got to live dangerously, but you don't do it long.

"Still, the mothorist, in spite of appearances, is more or less a human bein'. It's not his wish that four pedesthrians are killed each day in London sthreets. If the thruth were known, he'd rather they'd survived, not to speak of the bother of attendin' the inquest and tellin' the story of how he sounded his horn but the corpse took no notice and so on.

"That's why they've started a big campaign to thrain pedesthrians. Nobody asks them to use the roads, but if they do, they must learn to do it properly. They've been allowed to run wild long enough, and the time has come for them to be shown the way they should go—and damn quick about it, too.

"It'll start in the schools where everyday the childhren will be taught to dodge a captive car in the playground. Evenin' classes will be held for adults, with pictures of ambulances and morcharies on the walls, the way they would be showin' an elegant picture of a dhrunkard's liver to warn them that might take a glass too many. Jay-walkin' will be counted a crime, identity discs will be worn on the person and will be compulsory, and a lot of other regulations imposed, so that the pedesthrian will be able to adapt himself to his environment, which is what they call civilization.

"You know the old story of the Paris dog that killed the tame rabbit. The owner of the dog pleaded successfully—it was a French murdher thrile—that it was the rabbit started the fight. In the same way mothorists have now put the onus on the pedesthrian."

All for Your Delight

By Horace Shipp

The Amorists. By H. Dennis Bradley. (Royalty.)
Douaumont. By E. W. Moeller. (Stage Society production.)
Madame Plays Nap. By B. Girvin and M. Cosens. (New Theatre.)

In the house of the theatre are many mansions. At moments one wonders how possibly to find any principles of theatrical art which will have universal application. Take these three plays: the first, functions by its wit and dialectic wisdom; the second, its dramatic idea expressed in the staccato rhythms and subjective stage-craft of the Central European stage; the third, rapid movement, eye-gaiety and the sheerest romantic nonsense dear to the heart of the minor typist. From the highest viewpoint of the whole duty of the theatre *Douaumont* is infinitely the greatest of these works, and *Madame Plays Nap* unquestionably the least. From that of the box office *Douaumont* proved almost to be caviare to the select palates of the Stage Society and is inconceivable in the West End, whilst *Madame Plays Nap*, with Sybil Thorndike as an incomparable Madame, will probably run for centuries of productions. Mr. Bradley's witty piece is a fascinating border-line case, and it will be interesting to observe how much popular support it can command.

In certain respects it is a test-case of the playgoer's intelligence. It is fundamentally cerebral. It is handicapped by having practically no action. Mr. Bradley intends to discuss the eternal problem of love and marriage with side glances at politics and pacifism. He organizes a country house party with representative types, pushes his people on the stage that we may hear his epigrams, and pushes them ruthlessly off when they've said their respective bits. Which is to say that the form of the play is in the shaping of its ideas and not in the shape of its action or plot. There's no plot in being given a cocktail and wandering off to look at the garden; and the flirtations and minor and major infidelities of these folk are so frankly there as pegs upon which to hang this symposium upon love and marriage. Viewed from this standpoint of a Platonic dialogue, it is good stuff. Unobtrusively the author has gathered together

admirably representative opinions, and there is he in the midst of them to see that their utterance should be spiced with felicity of phrase. Let there be no mistake, however, that his purpose is earnest. Isabel Jeans may be a post-war Millimant, but she has a gospel. Wit is the means but not the end. Now and again the author allows it to become an end in itself, as in one dreadfully stretched remark about women who "soil not neither do they sin," and cold shivers run down one's spine. Which is the test of Mr. Bradley's seriousness.

The play has an excellent cast. Alison Leggatt with a small part is perfect; Morris Harvey as a profiteer peer, May Whitty exercising a discerning blindness as his wife, John Wyse as a pacifist V.C., force mention even from a cast which scarcely ever falls short of the best. The acting honours of the evening, however, go to Esme Percy, who holds the whole play on his shoulders all the time he's on the stage. His physical shrinkings from the blatancy of the peer's philosophy were a comedy in themselves.

Esme Percy likewise bore the brunt of the Stage Society's production of *Douaumont*. The play was exactly of the type this Society should produce: experimental, modernist, frankly uncommercial. Mr. Clifford Bax, speaking before the production, told of the recent success of the Society in increased membership and the payment of old debts, and of its proud tradition of service to the theatre by the production of plays whose prime claim was artistic merit. *Douaumont* has been a success in the normal theatre in Germany; but the Central European theatre-goer is made of sterner and more intelligent stuff than his English contemporary. It re-casts the story of the Ulysses in terms of a shell-shocked soldier, whose war experiences in a shattered fortress caused such mental trouble that he searched the world for peace of mind and returned home to the wife who had forgotten him amid a society which had forgotten his type. This play, with its sub-title, "The Return of the Soldier Ulysses" is a terrible indictment of the smug settling down of the after-war world. A scene in a cinema, when the epic story of the fortress at Douaumont is served up as sentimental sob-stuff to fill a movie-picture magnate's pockets and gratify the public, made

great drama. The play is written by a young man of 23. Not unnaturally, it has shortcomings, inability to grasp the tremendous theme, occasional lapses from dramatic tautness, an utter lack of humour. But its satire and its tragedy are unforgettable.

The production was expressionistic. It might with advantage have been even more so, although Mr. Peter Godfrey, of Gate Theatre fame, who was responsible, is one of the few men in England who know this method. The highest compliment one can pay Esme Percy is to say that he was the embodied nightmare of the author's conception, and that there is scarcely another actor on the English stage who could have achieved it.

From this world of realism intensified by the extreme artifice of expressionism, we turn to the Christmas cracker world of *Madame Plays Nap*. "A dash of History, a spot of Fiction, and you have a Legend." So quotes the programme. Thereupon we watch Sybil Thorndike, as Citizeness Pawnbroker and subsequently as Madame de Beauvais of the court of the Emperor Napoleon, play her cards for love of her jealous husband and the purity of her reputation. The story is well-constructed in the correct romantic tradition. A moment's examination shows it as arrant nonsense, but with this type of play we leave intelligence at home, and call Miss Thorndike's vivacity and abounding vitality to fill the gap. She does it admirably. Many of us swear by her performing as that April who had to be advertised rather than by her series of tragic figures. In *Madame Plays Nap* she is the forbear of that cinema star. She chatters, she dances, she sings, she jumps, she sweeps the Napoleonic court off its feet with her *gaminerie*. The play is entirely her play. Lewis Casson does his best with a taciturn Napoleon, and Leslie Perrins his with the part of her stage husband. But she talks and cries, dances, nods, flounces, jumps, weeps, worries and bullies them all out of the picture as the authors evidently intended she should. Personally, I exist, critically, to rescue the English theatre from this magazine story type of drama; but I know well the eerie sound when the wilderness echoes my voice, and console myself with the thought that in the house of the theatre *are* many mansions.

Books

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

THE GARDEN OF FIDELITY: Being the Autobiography of FLORA ANNIE STEEL, 1847-1929. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

FEW recent books of Memoirs are so interesting as this and none presents so varied an achievement. Mrs. Steel has no need to dwell on "people I have met," for her own long and amazingly busy life was full of benevolent activity and adventure. Her independent spirit provoked opposition, but she generally got her way, believing in herself and having good reason to do so. She is known everywhere as the author of "On the Face of the Waters" and other stories of the India where she spent much of her life. What is not generally realized is her practical work on primers for Indian schools, her success with "The Indian Cook and Housekeeper," which has gone into ten editions, and her effective and single-handed work as a doctor and teacher among Indian women. She learnt almost every dialect she came across in India; she produced plays, painting scenery and arranging everything as well as taking a part in the acting, and won the compliment, "Ye see, Mistress Steel, ye're so verrsittle," from a Scottish singer. She was the most capable of entertainers and housewives and had "the recuperative power of an animal," rising soon after the loss of a child to the stiff job of tracing defalcations in her husband's office. He, an Indian Civilian, was suffering from prolonged fever; so she examined everything and produced an exhaustive report. This first experience of a Government office made her an individualist for life. She designed a Hall for Kasur, to which the Department of Public Works objected; but her plan was adopted and carried through "at a ridiculously low cost." Her Indian sketches were good enough to win the praise of a R.A., and she certainly had, as she claims, a very retentive pictorial sense which could reproduce scenes in effective detail. She notes the Indian accuracy in art due to the caste system and exhibited in the rowers of Cashmir. It is the application of thought to her keen observation which makes the book a delight. She saw that lack of dignity and etiquette is fatal with Orientals, a detail many English people disastrously forget.

Being sure of herself, Mrs. Steel often came up against authority, but these rubs are not made into grievances out of place in the serene atmosphere of the garden.

Her ready sense of humour saw the absurdity of being hauled up at petty sessions in Wales for taking young girls, veritable heathens, out of the streets and training and teaching them. In the war and after it she remained her vigorous and active self and went deep into metaphysics. She regretted the violent hysterical action of the suffagrettes. She helped in the cause

by her own life, proving how few limitations are of necessity implied in the feminine organism. Approaching her eighty-third year, she thought how little she had done with her gifts of personality and influence. "How much!" others will say. She lived a freer, larger life than most women and found many ways of using her astonishing ability.

There should have been an Index, as the book is full of good things. V.R.

IF WISHES WERE HORSES. By H. W. FOWLER. Allen and Unwin. 6s.

MR. FOWLER brought out this book anonymously in 1907, as "a sensitive young thing of under fifty," and now republishes it as a married senior of over seventy. The eleven essays discuss his limited views and capabilities with a pleasant display of apt quotation and what today we may call an attractive absence of forced epigram. We do not find many of these little confessions about fads and habits in which the up-to-date essayist revels. Clearly the author has an "inferiority complex"; he has not the gift of taking everything that happens to him as important enough to be given to the world, and only on literature does he claim a sound judgment. He presents the scholar type which finds a difficulty in making up with the world and is apt to retire into books, though its contribution to the general stock may be as valuable as that of the financier or the dashing journalist. The "scholar's melancholy" was, according to Jacques, "emulation," but that is just what is missing here. The anonymous and contemplative scribe is an onlooker readier to seek Plato in the library than life in the streets. So his philosophy is, like that of the Stoics, too self-centred, though it brings him content with a small wage. He likes thoughtful talk but only allows his interest "to creep shyly out in safe company." He wonders whether his life is of any use, indulging here and elsewhere, perhaps, in a little irony. The answer has come in the works associated with his name; he can now ask,

Quae regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

and we suppose that marriage has made a difference.

The musings of such a mind are of importance to the community. We do not live in the age of Wordsworth, but we have too much of the age of Woolworth.

THREE PERSONAL RECORDS OF THE WAR. By R. H. MOTTRAM, JOHN EASTON and ERIC PARTRIDGE. Scholartes Press. 15s.

THREE pens already known in the writing world have produced in this book three vivid views of the War. Mr. Mottram writes with a sober realism, which is effective, but in his final words he ignores the larger issues involved. Trench war was, indeed, a poor sort of game, and it is not likely to happen again. Mr. Easton's narrative loses something by being written in the third

person, but it is veracious enough in its compound of sights, sounds and feelings, and the hero, who ends in the middle of the Battle of Loos, is a charmingly youthful and enthusiastic figure. Mr. Partridge gives the Australian point of view at Gallipoli and on the Western Front, and has had the good sense to discover some merits in war, even for the sensitive type that suffers most. He deals with two friends and the far-travelled, brilliant and unconventional Felipé is most strikingly presented. His letters to a girl at the end are admirable. This is the most thoughtful of the three narratives and goes deep into the psychology of war, while it does not lack a variety of excitements.

FICTION.

PETER LAVELLE. By JOHN BROPHY. Dent. 7s. 6d.

PETER LAVELLE, Mr. Brophy's hero, is an Irish architect who has lost a leg in the war and has one boy as the result of an unsatisfactory marriage. He pours out ten years later a full dose of post-war bitterness. A "good time" girl engaged in musical comedy and a sensual advertising agent present the manners of today. The girl is a brilliant study, and, frank as any genuine exposition of up-to-date talk has to be, the author avoids disgusting the reader. The perpetual stress laid on the stupidity of elders, particularly "brass hats," grows a little tedious, but the excellent writing and humour carry on the story to a happy ending. Our main objection is that, while Peter's whimsical bitterness is well enough in his talk, the record of his thoughts is extended so far that he seems only a peg for views, not a human character. This is certainly a book to be read.

RED COBRA. By HUBERT S. BANNER. Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.

THIS is the second novel in which the author displays his special knowledge of Java. He follows the career of a young man of good family who through losses has to leave Oxford and take to commerce, though he welcomes a life of adventure in the Far East. The jealousies attending his superior education are well rendered, and plenty of excitement is provided by his fight against a widespread communist plot run by a mysterious leader called "Red Cobra." The identity of this character, revealed at the end, is a great surprise. Natives and Dutch and Chinese tradesmen are depicted with a good sense of character, and the author has gained in humour and the use of dialogue since "The Mountain of Terror."

THE VOYAGE OUT.—MRS. DALLAWAY.—JACOB'S ROOM. By VIRGINIA WOOLF. Hogarth Press. 5s. each.

THIS uniform edition of Mrs. Woolf's fiction is very welcome. All three books are full of keen observation and character

delightfully rendered in beautiful prose. "The Voyage Out," indeed, is almost too crowded with figures; though nothing more brilliant has appeared of late than the scenes at the foreign hotel with its various English types, stupid and clever. Mrs. Woolf aims, as the charming Helen of this book says, at the facts of life:

> What really goes on, what people feel, although they generally try to hide it. There's nothing to be frightened at. It's so much more beautiful than the pretences — always more interesting — always better, I should say . . . .

And "one must follow hints, not exactly what is said, nor yet entirely what is done" to get at the reality of people. In "Jacob's Room" an attempt is made to reproduce the confused strands of thought in life, all crossing and pulling in various ways at once. This makes for difficult reading, and we are not sure that it can be done effectually, though, of course, every novel is much smoother and plainer in its development than the infinite intricacy of thought, motive and action in any human creature.

LETTERS AND ADDRESSES.

KING GEORGE V IN HIS OWN WORDS. Edited by E. A. MACKENZIE. Benn. 12s. 6d.

BIOGRAPHIES of royalties which are devoid of criticism are of less value than a record like this. Mr. Mackenzie has done his editing well, and going

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through the volume, we realize how busy the King has been for many years. His love for his father is evident, and one is, above all, struck with the fine sincerity and humanity of the letters and addresses printed here. Nothing could be more gracious and graceful than the letter, given in facsimile, to Asquith, suggesting a peerage. The King, as Prince of Wales, introduced a new toast of "The British Dominions Beyond the Seas," in 1908, and while expressing a just pride in Empire, he has not forgotten social work at home, stressing the importance of education for national prosperity and the need for a great offensive against disease and crime. "A true education," as it is well said, "would transform our national life in a generation." The suggestion, after a long tour over the Empire, that "the old country must wake up if she intends to maintain her old position of pre-eminence in her colonial trade against foreign competitors," was apt in 1901, and remains apt to-day.

The documents gathered under the title of "The Prelude to the War," including messages from and to France, Russia and Germany, are of historic importance. They show that Prince Henry of Prussia, staying in England in the last days of July 1914, misinterpreted the King's assurance of his desire for peace.

HORACE WALPOLE AND MADAME DU DEFFAND: AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FRIENDSHIP. By ANNA DE KOVEN. With Illustrations. Appleton 10s. 6d.

WISELY, Mrs. de Koven has added to her well-illustrated book some account of Walpole and his father and Madame du Deffand. It is frankly insinuated that Horace had a Hervey for a father, a suggestion that he himself never, so far as we know, suspected or supported. The correspondence is given in select specimens, with comments. Walpole comes badly out of it, and can hardly be praised for recognizing the great merits of his friend when she was dying, talking of "love" to her whom he had abused for using the word "friendship." He was selfish—perhaps more so than he realized—an agreeable fribble bound up in his own diversions. Laughing freely at others, he was terribly afraid of being laughed at. The keen Frenchwoman knew that, also that "the fear of being weak makes you hard, and you defend yourself against your emotions." This type is fairly common in the world still, and can be charming so long as it is well amused.

Mrs. de Koven's book is all too short, an acute dissection of a curious friendship, though we do not pledge ourselves to swallow all she says about Walpole's complexes. A (1) looks like a missing note on the last page. Did it deal with Madame du

Deffand's wish to make Walpole her heir, and the books and MSS. of hers that came to him?

EDUCATION.

THE ENGLISH TRADITION IN EDUCATION. By CYRIL NORWOOD. Murray. 10s. 6d.

THE boys of the great Public Schools played a fine part in the war, showing themselves capable of command and securing the regard of their men. They did a good deal to win a contest awarded in advance by prophets like Mr. Wells to Germany. This was a solitary display of public school material, since as a rule these august institutions have a way of keeping to themselves and minding their own business which does not please this age of blatant publicity. The Press, often ignorant about education and understanding only vocational training, is apt to regard the older schools as effete establishments which have made no effort to move with the times. Mere snobbery, it is suggested, prefers them to Secondary Schools which are securing an increasing amount of scholarships. The Public Schools are derided, just as the Empire is today, by up-to-date writers who do not believe in nationalism, or ultimately, perhaps, in anything but a self-inflicted hedonism. Even an ex-headmaster—this race of Olympians has now come down to journalism—can ask in the popular Press, "Are the Public Schools worth while?" and warn them to "take heed to themselves."

Dr. Norwood then, a leading headmaster of today, has done a great service in examining the English tradition in education and discovering what exactly it stands to promote, the dangers of the present, and the hopes for the future.

In the first place, we must have a better educated democracy for which every type of school will supply standards of conduct and service. The only single word for the school ideal is "chivalry," which implies religion, and religion, writes Dr. Norwood firmly, "lies at the base of all education." His chapters on the subject, now complicated by the failure of belief and the warring of Christian sects in the Church, are admirably wise and tolerant. Education "must put right action before right knowledge and right opinion." There is a danger, of course, of hothouse forcings or of a show of religion made for favour. Boys know what is right, but have no great interest in dogma. Even a mind like Newman's had reached no religious convictions till fifteen.

"Discipline," the next subject, is well treated, with no attention to the democratic theory that authority is delegated from below. Even if a boy does not see the sense of the rules, he should keep them. A common national discipline is a fine

idea. As regards the student of the humanities and the scientist, it is pointed out that the latter has the advantage of working in a more precise medium and can more easily test his results. But the test-tube has no moral lesson to teach like, say, the study of Aeschylus. Dr. Norwood will have nothing to do with the vulgar apostles of "cash for brains." He examines games and praises them for the inculcation of the team-spirit; but when dwelling on the phrase "not cricket," he ignores others taken from other sports, such as falconry and cock-fighting. Games are recognized as overdone, but that is the fault of the country in general. The recent laudation of school athletes in the Press is most pernicious.

The rivalries between the secondary day-schools and the Public Schools are exposed in detail and deprecated. Education should be, and can be, not the monopoly of one class, but a common inheritance for all. Many schools with the same ideal achieved in diverse ways: that is the author's hope for the future, but will it be the Public School ideal? There is some vagueness, if not inconsistency, in this part of the book, and the "Prospects" with the remarks on America will not appeal to everybody.

Finally, we must add that this admirably candid book is written *sine ira et studio*, though it answers the attacks of opponents and is happily devoid of the heaviness commonly associated with educational literature.

THE ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOL. By BERNARD DARWIN. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

MR. DARWIN is not himself a schoolmaster and can be more light-hearted than Dr. Norwood about education, quoting from Dickens and "The Wrong Box." He agrees, however, in his survey of the public school spirit and puts forward the same suggestion, that it is the spirit of England as a whole. The only question is whether the head of a great school, one of the few autocrats left in England, should not venture to modify that spirit. There are other pursuits besides games in which some boys can be employed profitably for themselves and perhaps for the world, if they are like Mr. Darwin's grandfather. Today schoolboys are milder in manners than they were:—

> Bullying in old school-books consisted in tyranny of the large over the small and may now be said to be non-existent.

Also, masters and boys are no longer natural enemies. The great schools, however abused in public, are so popular in private as to be always full, and this demand, with their ample endowments, should lead to the impossibility of a master who is always being "ragged" and cannot keep up discipline. If such masters are retained, a tradition of decent industry may be lost and the schools pretending to educate are swindling the parents whose money they take. This, however, was a feature, we are ready to believe, of the bad old days, when foreigners teaching foreign languages had a hard time with ingenious young exponents of

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ridicule. Today it is not a case of "alarming and universal industry," but of the opposite, which no sane parent wants. Mr. Darwin writes easily and always with good sense, adding a survey of some famous heads and of "Tom Brown." The merit of that classic is that it is so much more concerned with the normal boy than with the prig or learned paragon. And it did not preach Arnold's views alone by any means, but Muscular Christianity. To knock someone down and be a good fellow and a Christian ever afterwards was the creed crudely stated, and one that did not lead to that over-excitation of the religious sense which spoilt some of the Rugby men. Arnold was lacking in humour, but he was a great man for all that, though Thring and Almond may seem wiser in a later age.

LITERARY STUDIES.

A Miscellany. By A. C. Bradley. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

Using a rather academic style which does not tend to popularity, Dr. Bradley is the one modern critic whose views on Shakespeare are universally recognised as pre-eminent to-day. His articles on the various English writers gathered here will win and deserve the attention of serious students, showing all his nicety of comment and judgment. They raise questions for the neo-Georgians to debate, as in "The Reaction against Tennyson," and go into the real matter of poetry and the changing opinions of the mature in discussing Arnold's views on Shelley. He and Keats, Coleridge and Wordsworth—all at their best masters of magic—figure in these papers, and a survey of English poetry which brings in Wordsworth and Hegel may be none the worse for being addressed to serious thinkers. It ends with the reflection that "after about 1840 for many years scarcely any men of the highest genius, if any, were born in this country or elsewhere on the earth." The lecture on *Coriolanus* raises the interesting question of Shakespeare's views of the common people. Our last view of it at the Old Vic. suggested that it is a better acting play than scholars suppose. "Jane Austen" has appeared before, but it is well worth re-reading, both as a refutation of misconceptions concerning the novels and a tribute of well-reasoned admiration. Today only special istsrealise that the type of novel Jane Austen wrote was familiar in her day. But novelists like Mary Brunton, with her "Discipline" and "Self Control" are all dead; they lacked the divine gift of humour.

Keats' View of Poetry. By Takeshi Saito. Cobden-Sanderson. 6s.

Mr. Blunden adds to this book an essay on "English Literature in Japan," showing the advances of recent years. There is a bi-lingual periodical with a wide circulation, *The Study of English*, and "a street of second-hand bookshops with almost as many shelves of English books as of Japanese." We learn that Prof. Saito has translated several English poems into Japanese, and his account of the poetry of Keats is well worth reading by English students. He sticks to his subject, not being led down flowery bypaths, and has made admirable use of the very striking Letters to illustrate the poet's mind and declared purpose in poetry: He shows what is so remarkable in a young man like Keats, "his humanitarian conviction that a poet is to do good for the world by writing poetry," and should be objective, selfless and infinitely receptive. In this aim, as Prof. Saito well says, he is with Shakespeare and a contrast to his Romantic contemporaries. On condensation of style the Japanese *hokku* is happily cited. The abandonment of Miltonian verse is well

treated. Probably Keats had the good sense to see that, great artist as Milton was, the course of English had definitely moved away from his classicisms. The influence of Wordsworth is well recognised and the comments on single and famous lines show the Professor's good taste. We do not, however, think

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well,

quite simple. The word "fitful" was, so far as is known, invented by Shakespeare, alliteration is evident, and so is the use of the liquid "l."

SHAKESPEARE.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL. Cambridge University Press. 6s.

"Q" in his introduction frankly admits that this is one of Shakespeare's worst plays. The trick of the substituted bedfellow, used here and in *Measure for Measure*, leaves "a nasty taste in the mouth." It is a manœuvre for which D'Artagnan, as a mature man of the world, apologised. While we are saved some textual worries, by the absence of any Quarto, the Folio version is evidently defective and some of the language obscure in meaning. Dr. Dover Wilson with his ample experience of Shakesperian usage and spelling treats such points very well. He knows what conjectures are likely to be due to misprints and can make "Bajazet's mule" into "Bajazet's mate," a well-known scold in Marlowe. He shows that the state of the text indicates patching and early stuff revised about 1605. He thinks there was besides Shakespeare an inferior collaborator whose work has been detected by the editors elsewhere. If this source of contamination is generally accepted, Shakespeare's reputation will be quit of some poor and lewd stuff. But before we make such comments, we should realize the difference between the Elizabethan taste and that of to-day or yesterday.

SHAKESPEARE. By JOHN BAILEY. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

THIS is a short but very satisfactory book, full of good points. Mr. Bailey relies on the best authorities today and dwells only lightly on the controversies which are beginning to make Shakespeare tediously disputable instead of enjoyable. Such research, as he wisely remarks, is to be undertaken with caution. He tells us frankly that Shakespeare could be casual and confused, knowing well that he "is great enough to bear the truth." He has overstated Cordelia's small part in *King Lear* by giving her 100 lines, and might have mentioned Heine's acute criticism that "she is a little self-willed and this small spot is a birth-mark from her father." As this is one of the "English Heritage" series, much is rightly made of Shakespeare's knowledge of the English countryside and the joy of the spring, "as a deliverance from a long torture of cold and darkness and salt meat." But

when Mr. Bailey finds "no exact or curious knowledge," he forgets the cowslip in *Cymbeline*. An instance of his wide-reaching comment is the reference to a German professor who said Shakespeare was popular in Germany because his crude and boisterous humour was not obsolete there, as it is elsewhere.

POETRY.

COLLECTED POEMS OF ST. JOHN ADCOCK. Hodder and Stoughton. 7*s.* 6*d.*

TWENTIETH CENTURY POETRY. An anthology collected by HAROLD MONRO. Chatto and Windus. 3*s.* 6d.

NEW VERSES. ARTHUR L. SALMON. Foulis.

The publication of poetry, alike as anthologies and as separate volumes, which was an interesting phenomenon of the years immediately after the war, has now given place to a much lesser output. In many ways this is a pity, for the importance of minor poetry is that it can so often border upon the best. A minor poet occasionally writes one or two major poems, as, alas! a major poet invariably writes many minor ones. If one had doubts of the truth of this, consultation of the pages of Mr. Monro's anthology would be a convincing test. His judgment is as fine as that of any man living, he is extremely conscientious, he is catholic: the result is an anthology wherein are scores of first-rate poems and scarcely anything unworthy. Yet a great deal of this work probably came from slim volumes which filled their 64 pages only by a lavish display of fly-leaves and half-titles. Reading through the book it would be difficult to distinguish as to quality between the acknowledged big men, Dr. Bridges, Masefield, Yeats, for example, and lesser lights whose output consists of perhaps but one book; sometimes, one suspects, one poem in one book.

Even so there are omissions, for by the side of the anthology on my desk lie the collected poems of St. John Adcock, a 300-page volume, with some excellent things therein. Mr. Adcock's activities as the Editor of the *Bookman*, as the author of those volumes of literary estimations, "Gods of Modern Grub Street," tend to cause him to be overlooked as a poet. Sometimes, it is true, he is rather a journalist in verse—a very good journalist, but temporal rather than eternal as the term implies. But a poet is a poet because of his rare best, not because of his insignificant worst, else Wordsworth, Byron and Browning must be counted out. Judged from this viewpoint Mr. Adcock has a high claim. He makes no pretensions to experiment with new forms or with new thought even, but he puts the old familiar truths in felicitous words and little phrases which stay in mind because of their simplicity and sincerity. A long poem, "The Divine Tragedy," takes a large section of the book, and expresses that gospel of

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LITERARY ACROSTIC, No. 77

JOHN MURRAY, Albemarle St., LONDON, W.1.

humanitarianism and loving-kindness which speaks through almost everything Mr. Adcock writes.

A new volume by Mr. Salmon has the qualities we associate with his work. Again there is a certain felicity with words, but the mentality behind them tends to be commonplace and they drift perilously near the borderline of magazine verse. They have the charm of that species, however, and on a democratic vote Mr. Salmon might find a surprising place. H. S.

GENERAL.

THE BOOK OF URIZEN. By WILLIAM BLAKE. Dent. £1 1s.

DIVORCED from their symbolic content, William Blake's pictures and his poems have, for the main part, no great æsthetic significance. The easier verses from the "Songs of Innocence and Experience" have a self-contained charm; but the great poems of the Blake canon turn to a storm of sounding words, impressive by a certain thunderous roll of the line, sometimes revealing by a phrase like a lightning flash, but on the whole amorphous and concerned with forces outside our common experience. The pictures are often akin to this. The drawing has expression but not draughtsmanship; the colour is unreliable; and although Blake has an unfailing sense of design, this is not enough for great art. Both in poetry and painting it is the

expressive values and not the surface ones we look for in him.

Once we have accepted that, and made ourselves cognisant with the broad lines of the philosophy which Blake set out to express, his art and his literature begin to take shape. Soon we realize that they evidence an amazing homogeneity, and the first efforts of the Blake convert are usually directed to charting every line and image of the poems, every form and colour of the pictures. Whether Blake is too cosmic for finite minds to grasp, or too finite to have grasped his own cosmic conceptions and rendered them coherently, must remain a mystery: for most of us the broad understanding, with gradual revelation of meaning as we read and re-read, but with resignation to the fact that much will remain elusive, is all that we can do.

The publication of these volumes of illuminated writings is an enormous help to the Blake-lover. It was a form he invented which would provide the double key to the mystery: the words elucidate the pictures, the pictures illuminate the words. With "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell" this "Book of Urizen" stands at the forefront of Blake's work. In it he expresses an enormous amount of that philosophy of counterpoise which is the basis of his belief. It is a philosophic record of creation and the fall; of the paradox of incarnation which both cramps and frees; of the collateral paradox of the mind, as imagination becomes logic and the instincts become habits. So it stands: a philosophic history of the race and of individuals, Nietzschean in its doctrines of beyond good and evil, Christian in its truth to spiritual values.

This edition is exquisitely reproduced from the late Baron Dimsdale's copy—one of the six known to exist in the world. At the end of the text is a scholarly explanatory note by Dorothy Plowman, who approaches her subject with imaginative foresight, even though at moments she seems a little too earnest in her attitude of sacro-sanctity. Blake enthusiasts will not be likely to miss the opportunity of possessing such a facsimile of his work.

THE HUNTING AND SPOOR OF CENTRAL AFRICAN GAME. By DENIS D. LYELL. Seeley Service. 31s. 6d.

BOOKS of this type are especially welcome when they are written, as the present one is, from the standpoint of the humane field naturalist, to whom the actual shooting of game is of secondary importance. Mr. Lyell, as he modestly tells us, writes especially for the beginner in Big Game shooting; but he has much to say that will interest a wider public. He cannot approve the indiscriminate trophy-hunter, and all good sportsmen will welcome his remarks on the caviare and champagne breed of "Big Game Shot" who kills (or more frequently only wounds), his quarry from a motor-car. They will thoroughly agree, also, with his remarks on some young airmen who amused themselves

by dropping bombs on a herd of elephants. For these, and their like, not only sin against the very ethics of the game; their activities are a real menace to the continued existence of the rarer fauna of the world.

Starting with chapters on Fair Hunting and the choice of equipment, the author next considers the tracking and killing of game in general. From this he goes on to describe in detail the habits and peculiarities of the wild animals of Central Africa, and to a consideration of the maximum distance, in each case, for a lethal shot, and the exact points that should be aimed at. A novel feature—the thirty-seven plates, from the author's own drawings, of the "spoor" of African game—deserves special mention. These, which range from the huge footprints of the elephant down to those of the tiny blue Duiker—a little buck weighing no more than fourteen pounds— should be of great help to those who are learning the difficult art of tracking.

Mr. Lyell has many interesting things to tell us of the ways of big game. Many elephant-paths—the tracks made in moving from one feeding place to another—are of very great antiquity; and these animals appear to have a remarkable instinct for the easiest grade and the shortest route. We are told that the Congo experiments do not hold out much hope of the domestication of the African elephant; the results so far obtained not being of commercial value. We envy the author the sight, which he vividly describes, of a herd of twenty elephants, with fore-legs rigid and sitting on their tails, as they slid down an almost precipitous slope in order to reach the Loangwa River. It is probable that such a manœuvre has seldom been seen by a human being.

After dealing with the elephant, the hippopotamus, and the rhinoceros, Mr. Lyell passes on to the carnivorous animals, the buffalo, and the wide group of antelopes so characteristic of Africa. Of these last, he believes that the Eland, the largest of them all, might repay domestication; for it is gentle, and easily tamed, while its meat is excellent. The book concludes with chapters on protective colouration, equipment, and other matters. It is written in plain, straight-forward English, and can be strongly recommended to all who are interested in the subject of African big game. But we regret that the publishers should have issued it at a price which puts it out of the reach of many nature-lovers who would be glad to possess it.

THE HISTORY OF HITCHIN. By REGINALD L. HINE. Vol. 2, with 120 illustrations. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

THE first volume revealed a local historian with amazing enthusiasm for research and a vivacious style that makes the old bones of records live. This volume is even better reading, because it is full of human character, the quaintness of religious

enthusiasts and the sports and pastimes which, if less organized than today, had more fun about them. The present reviewer remembers well seeing in Hitchin a picture of a Quaker meeting where the men wore their tall hats, and the Quakers alone provide here a feast of character. One of the well-known Lucas family has supplied several admirable sketches. The Quaker severity about the limits of recreation, amusingly noted by Mr. Hine, was, perhaps, one of the causes of marked success in business. Two of the Friends, we learn, on a walking tour, "sojourned with Southey by the lakeside at Buttermere," which is odd, as he lived at Keswick. Writing on "Crime and Punishment," Mr. Hine promises some escapades by Mr. Justice Hawkins in a further volume of "Hitchin Worthies," and records his fictitious announcement of the death of the Chairman of the Hitchin Bench. Place and personal names in these pages prove as picturesque as the picture of the Town-crier or the mediæval view of men at dice. Mr. Hine has established an ideal of loving labour which many will admire and few can meulate.

EVERYMAN'S LIBRARY—ESSAYS (SELECTED). By LEIGH HUNT.—PHINEAS FINN. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 2 vols.—THE STATE OF THE PRISONS. By JOHN HOWARD. Dent. 2s. each vol.

LEIGH HUNT has been, as Mr. Priestley remarks in his Introduction, overshadowed by greater writers, but he is a very companionable gossip and can range from a pastoral to coffee-houses and washerwomen. There was an unpleasant deficiency in his mental make-up, but it does not appear here. His "Recollections of Old Actors" can be compared with Lamb's, and he is excellent on the weather, a subject generally neglected today by urban scribes. "Phineas Finn" does not appeal to everybody, but we have vivid and pleasant recollections of reading it. Mr. Walpole quotes in his Introduction the "Autobiography" with Trollope's confession that politics alone could not commend his book. Verisimilitude in that field is, however, not the quality the average reader seeks, and Trollope gives him character worth studying, if not "all the morbid accuracy of modern realism" which Mr. Walpole discovers. A good selection has been made of the best part of Howard's classic investigations of prisons both in England and abroad. Many of his proposed reforms have already been adopted, and his methods of examination, as Mr. Ruck says in his Introduction, are followed by modern committees which consider the subject. He was a pioneer in an age when humanitarianism was only just beginning.

ERRATUM.—In the review of "The Peepshow of the Port of London" in our December number the annual tonnage dealt with should be described as amounting to £700,000,000.